YANK

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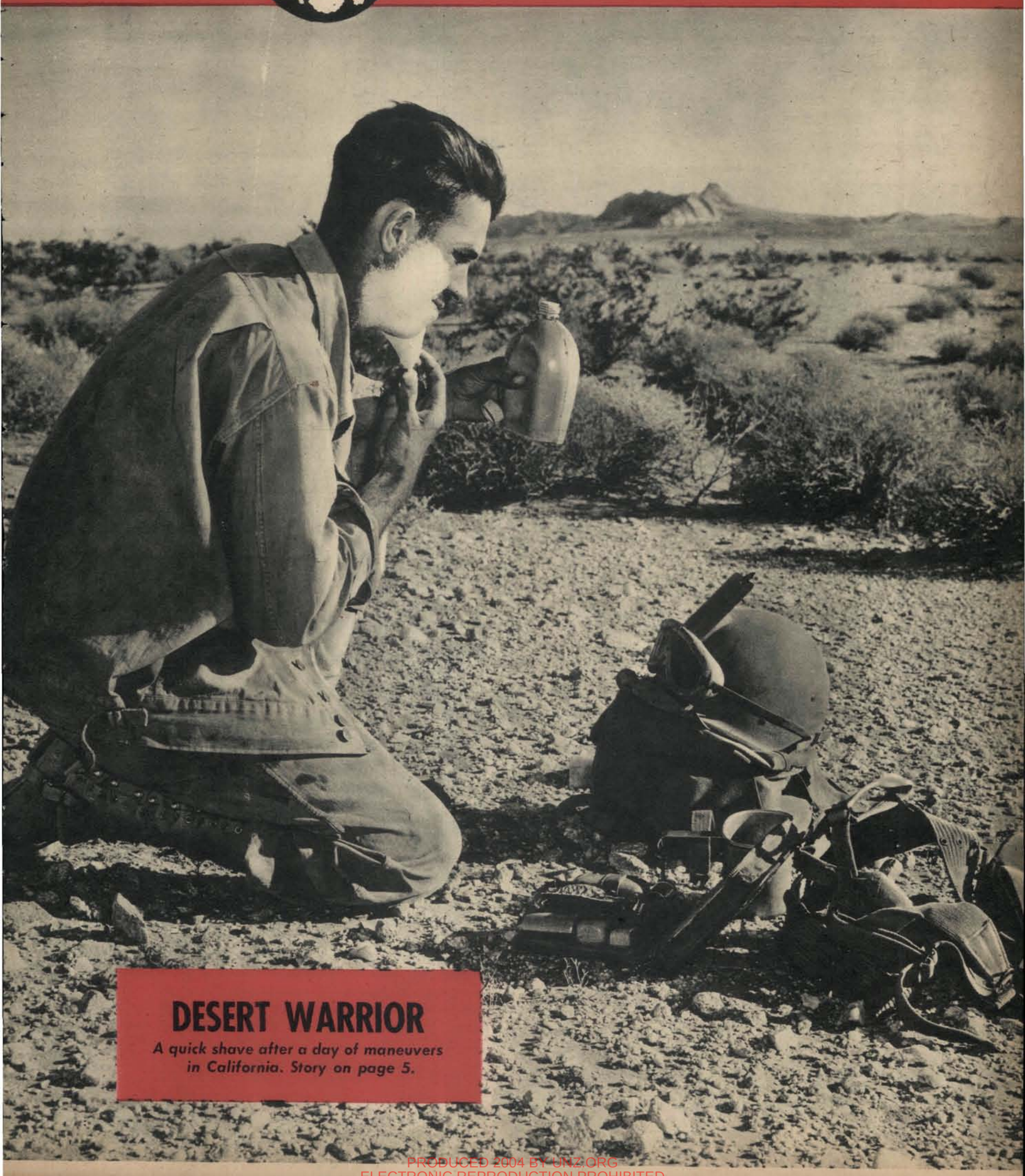
By the men . . for the men in the service



DESERT WARRIOR

A quick shave after a day of maneuvers in California. Story on page 5.

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In Washington, D. C., Lieut. Pavlichenko shows how she does it

She Got 309 Nazis

Without camouflage

WASHINGTON—Lyudmila Pavlichenko is a Russian girl with big, friendly brown eyes and brown hair with a beauty parlor permanent wave in it. As a sniper with the rank of lieutenant in the Red Army, she has given 309 Nazi soldiers a one-way ticket to Valhalla.

She's a charming girl, the sort you'd like to take to the beach on a moonlit evening. But, brother, if you're in an invasion barge and she's up on that beach with her rifle, get out of there.

When she was in Washington as a member of the Russian delegation to the International Student Assembly, she showed how she hid herself in the trees and bushes, and trained those friendly brown eyes down a rifle to knock off Nazi invaders.

No hell-raising Calamity Jane, Lyudmila was led into the Sniper's School by an interest in target shooting. When the war came along, she diverted her aspirations to be a school teacher and went to work educating Nazis. Now she wears U.S.S.R.'s highest decoration, the Order of Lenin, and has trained more than 80 other snipers who are credited with upwards of 2,000 German lives.

Here's her sniper's formula:

"You get up before daylight, move into position and stay quiet until you get the enemy where you want them.

"You get out while it is dark, at 4 or 4:30, and come back late at night. You need great self control, will power and endurance to lie hours at a stretch without moving. The slightest start may mean death."

A sniper may be assigned to a position well in advance of the lines, in what was called "No Man's Land" in World War I. He may be alone or he may have artillery observers with him. In any case he's the man behind the gun. The gun is a regular infantry rifle equipped with a telescopic sight. It is effective up to 1,000 meters, which is somewhere around two-thirds of a mile.

One of the sniper's important jobs is to stay put when the rest of the outfit makes an orderly retreat. He gets into a tree or some brush and waits. He may let some of the enemy units go through and wait to catch a carload of officers. Sometimes he waits for a tank.

That's the Soviet procedure outlined in Washington by Lyudmila and her fellow delegate, Lieut. Vladimir Pchelintsev, a retiring towheaded youngster who has a record of eliminating 152 Nazis with 154 bullets. Lieut. Pchelintsev told about the time, on the Leningrad front, that he located himself in a house on the bank of a small unnamed river. The Nazis were across the stream, 300 to 350 meters away. He got into a space between the first and second floors and knocked a hole in the wall.

Having no observer handy, he started checking the houses across the river until he spotted one whose attic was definitely occupied. He could see one man and hear another talking. Although his sight was through a small split in the wall boarding, he wasted no time firing. The fellow he saw went down and stayed down. When the other tried to leave, Pchelintsev picked him off at the doorway.

Another time during the German advance last winter, Pchelintsev was in charge of a squad of snipers on a higher slope than a Nazi party on the other side of a river. When 11 Germans began a reconnaissance sortie across the stream, Pchelintsev instructed his comrades to hold their fire until he started shooting. They let the Germans get up the bank until they could almost "see the whites of their eyes," then cut loose. Result: seven dead Germans, two wounded and captured, two escaped. The snipers had used 13 rounds of rifle fire.

The two snipers visiting Washington didn't seem especially remorseful about killing. They take it as a necessary process in getting the job done as soon as possible.

"The only feeling I have," Lyudmila said, "is the great satisfaction a hunter feels who has killed a beast of prey. Every German who remains alive will kill women, children and old people. Dead Germans are harmless."

HITLER to VON BOCK:

"Stalingrad Must Be Taken At All Costs"

REICHSFUEHRER HITLER

FIELD MARSHAL BOCK

The price Hitler is willing to pay for Stalingrad shows how much he wants and needs the Volga metropolis. In order ing Bock to take Stalingrad at any cost, the Fuehrer recognized that here was a powerful defense position from which the Volga waterway could be controlled and where Nazi troops could be quartered for the winter. Usually the Nazis by-pass heavily fortified points, but at Stalingrad they made an expensive frontal assault.

STALIN to TIMOSHENKO:

"There Is No Road Back From Stalingrad"

PREMIER STALIN

MARSHAL TIMOSHENKO

Stalingrad might not hold out against the mightiest onslaught of the Wehrmacht, but at least Stalin would make sure that Hitler paid an exorbitant price for the city. As the hour of decision neared, no-retreat orders issued to Stalingrad defenders fighting under Marshal Timoshenko were based on orders written 24 years ago by Joseph Stalin. "In those hard days there was only one way—toward the enemy," said Red Star, the military newspaper, in commenting on these orders.

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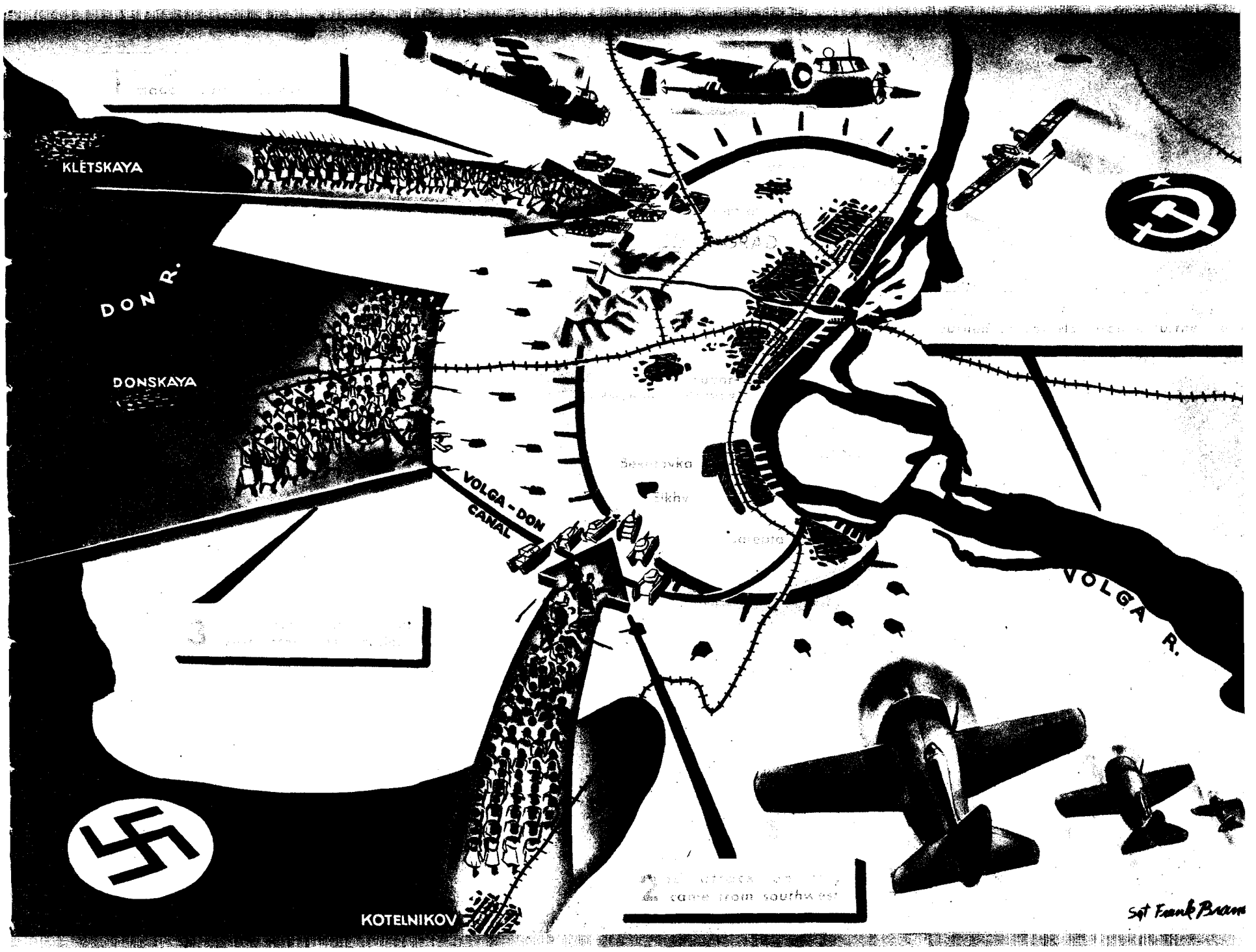

Red Verdun

This fight for the Soviet Pittsburgh, a new model industrial metropolis on the banks of the Volga, representing the spirit of Red Russia, is the greatest test of machines, men and war skill that the huge armies of Hitler and Stalin have ever faced. Here is a complete story of the strategy and the meaning of the year's most important campaign.

THE biggest battle of 1942 is on at Stalingrad. In the number of men and machines involved, this epic clash of Russian and German arms overshadows anything that has taken place this year. In savagery of attack and ferocity of defense it transcends even the siege of Leningrad or the rendition of Sevastopol.

For comparisons the Russians themselves went back to France and World War I. To them, Stalingrad was the "Red Verdun."

Much more was at stake than the fate of a highly industrialized arms-producing city on the banks of the Volga. Stalingrad, with its model factories, spacious parks and modern buildings, was also a symbol of the new Russia which has fought off defeat at the hands of Adolf Hitler for 15 long months.

To Hitler many tens of thousands of German soldiers' lives could profitably be spent in destroying this symbol. He ordered that Stalingrad be taken, whatever the cost. To Joseph Stalin it was equally important that the symbol be saved. He ordered that Stalingrad be held, whatever the losses.

This mammoth concentration of tanks, planes, guns and men on the steppes between the Don and the Volga in Russia was more than the furious climax of a summer's campaign. It represented, in a sense, a clash of wills between two of Europe's strongest-willed men.

The Battle of Stalingrad, like most great engagements, was slow in developing. As long ago as early July the Russians knew what the German commander, Field Marshal von Bock, was up to and began to make their dispositions accordingly. After the capture of Sevastopol and the recapture of Rostov, Bock divided his forces into two armies, the weaker to strike south into the Caucasus, the stronger to head due east toward Stalingrad. Marshal Timoshenko, the Russian commander, kept the main body of his troops in the region of the Don and Volga River bends.

During July the Nazis moved cautiously. They tried to cross the Don at Voronezh and did establish some bridgeheads there, only later to be beaten back in a brief but stiff engagement. But most of this time was spent in bringing up reinforcements of men and materiel in never-ending streams. The satellite countries—Italy, Hungary, Rumania—were combed for spare divisions. The Nazis stripped their own forces on every other front to the barest minimum to send more strength to Russia. They admitted they took every plane that could possibly be spared at home and rushed it to the Don region. This taking

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of Stalingrad, Marshal Bock rightly believed, was to be no child's play.

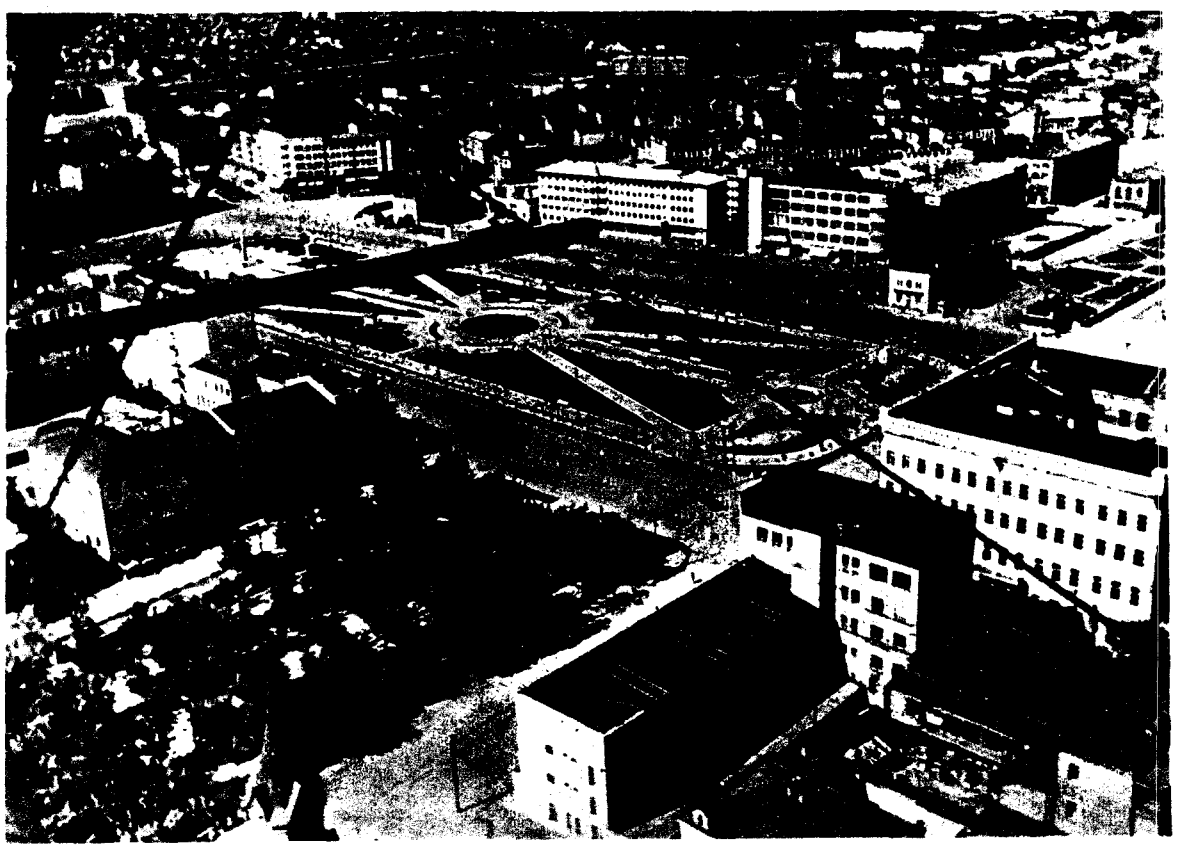
The first week of August the Nazis, still 100 miles or more from Stalingrad, began to inch forward. One column soon appeared at Kletskaya, 80 miles northwest of Stalingrad. Not long after that other German troops reached the banks of the Don where it is nearest the Volga—48 miles from Stalingrad. Here the main body of Nazi infantry rested while picked panzers, supported by light motorized infantry and amply protected overhead by Messerschmitts, dashed ahead to approach Stalingrad from the northwest.

For a time it almost seemed as if this Nazi prong might alone be able to do the job, but clever use of mobile artillery by the Russians soon brought this column under control. In fact, a sizable part of it was pinched off and annihilated.

Meanwhile, a new threat to Stalingrad had developed from the southwest. Here tank divisions under Col. Gen. Paul Ludwig von Kleist, the Nazi expert in mechanized warfare, began a sudden offensive from Kotelnikov, 95 miles from Stalingrad. By now Bock's strategy was fairly obvious. It was encirclement. By striking simultaneously from the northwest and southwest, the marshal hoped to surround and trap the main Russian defenders deployed to the west of the city. This southwest column moved to within 40 miles of Stalingrad before being halted.

Up until the second week in September the Nazis used old and familiar blitzkrieg methods. Big bombers struck at military objectives back of the lines in an attempt to paralyze the rear. Clusters of parachutists were dropped. Flights of Messerschmitts were assigned to hover over Red Air Force fields and catch Russian Stormovik assault bombers before they got off the ground. Dive-bombers and strafing fighters went to work on Russian front-line positions, clearing paths for the sudden advance of Nazi tanks and armored vehicles.

In one detail the Germans did vary their tactics a bit. Bock discovered last year at Moscow that the Russians had learned how to deal with panzer divisions unsupported by infantry. At Stalingrad he was careful never to allow mechanized divisions to go too far head of infantry support. Even so, German tank losses, not to mention other casualties, were enormous. New reserves were constantly thrown into the battle, but it soon became obvious that the smallest German gain could be made only at frightful cost.



A recent airview of Stalingrad, scene of 1942's biggest battle

Only when the diary of von Bock is at last printed will it be known why, during the weekend of September 6-7, the Nazi marshal decided to abandon his encirclement tactics and bet everything on a frontal assault straight from the west. Perhaps he had no other choice. Timoshenko had dispersed his strength so well and had organized his defenses in such depth that there was, indeed, some danger of the German northwest and southwest columns being cut off and surrounded. Whatever the reason, an advance straight across the open treeless steppe from the Don to the Volga was ordered.

For four days the Nazis went forward steadily, slowly, meeting Soviet tank traps, minefields, trenches every foot of the way. There was never the slightest chance of a German break-through. The Nazis were able to advance at all only because they were willing to mass such overpowering strength and concentrate it on a single objective. By mid-September they were using at Stalingrad at least 1,500 planes, a good half of their total tank strength and some 50 divisions of ground troops.

The Russians were outnumbered from the beginning, but Stalingrad's soldiers were aided by civilian workers trained in the use of light weapons. Air bombardment and artillery shelling had by now closed Stalingrad's factories. Civilians could, and did, man barricades, defend suburban streets, act as snipers in buildings and houses.

Stalingrad's defense was desperate, stark and terrible. The last rail line to Moscow was cut; the city's river craft was ordered upstream to safety; the river bridges were burned. The Germans attacked from three sides, with the defenders' back to the Volga. No further relief could get through to Stalingrad and no further retreat was possible. "There is no road back from Stalingrad," declared Red Star, the Russian Army's official newspaper.

Judged from a coldly military point of view, it seemed unlikely that Stalingrad could hold out. One day the Russians retired from two more "populated places" on the west. The next they gave up two more villages to the southwest. They would hold everywhere for 24 hours, then be forced to yield again. To be sure, their withdrawals were made only after stubborn, dogged defense, but nothing could hide the fact that they were withdrawals.

Stalingrad may fall. But if it does, Russia shall have won a partial victory because the defense of the city has eaten away days which are precious for a Nazi war machine openly leery of another winter campaign.

The Russians have been "buying" time, and though the loss of the City of Stalin would be a severe blow, it would not be fatal. In either event —win or lose—a Russian army of magnificent power and a people of inspired courage have proved themselves to the world once again.

They have fought like hell.

Sgt. Bowe, the Youngest Master Sergeant, Tells Army Reporter a Dream

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA — It is commonly agreed by people who probe into the secret desires of newspaper reporters that their innermost hope is to write a novel, preferably the Great American one. The Army, which changes a lot of things in people, changes the visions inside reporters, too. No longer do they aspire to create a fictional masterpiece; they have a new objective. You can take all the fawn-eyed heroines in the world and lock them in your bookcase for the duration; what the uniformed scribe wants most, next to a three-day pass, is to write the story of the youngest master sergeant in the Army.

I have been reading such admiring accounts for more than a year now, and my reporter's blood has coursed with humiliation at the realization that I was constantly being scooped. All the master sergeants I knew were well along in their forties, were missing several teeth, and, like as not, had sons old enough to be first lieutenants. You can imagine my delight, therefore, when, as I was strolling through a gum-tree forest the other day, I encountered an extraordinarily youngish master sergeant who, to say the least, looked dejected.

"What's the matter, sir?" I said, having learned that even if it isn't proper to call a master sergeant "sir," he often thinks it is.

"I just read that soldiers are going to be allowed absentee votes," the non-com said.

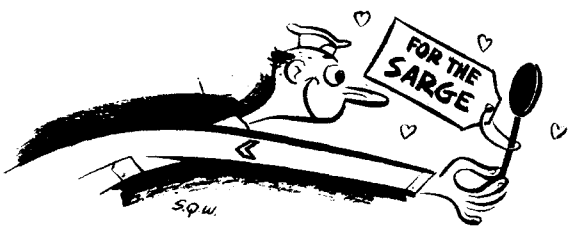
"Well," said I, "what's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," he replied, "except that it won't do me any good."

"Why not?" said I, consumed with curiosity but hardly daring to believe the thought that was already creeping into my excited mind. "Why can't you vote?"

"I'm not old enough," he whispered.

That was how it happened. In accordance with the custom established by my predecessors in this record-setting field, I seized his dog tags, examined them closely, and then recited the following old refrain: "I hereby pronounce you, Donald J. Bowe, the youngest master sergeant in the Army of the United States, or at least the youngest till somebody else produces a younger one."



In case anybody thinks I am kidding, Donald J. Bowe is really a master sergeant, and he really is only twenty years old. He is as surprised by this coincidence as any one else, having been overjoyed only last April when, out of the blue of the Pacific, he was suddenly raised from the lowly status of private first class to the comparative splendor of a buck sergeancy. His promotion to a master sergeancy, in July, was such a shock to him that for three days he took to his bed, where he sewed on stripes from morning till night, and from elbow to shoulder.

The success story of Master Sergeant Bowe begins on December 21, 1921, when he was born in the little town of Bloomer, Wisconsin. Whatever may happen to him in the future, it seems safe to predict that he will always be the youngest master sergeant born in Bloomer. His family has since moved to Chippewa Falls, fourteen miles away, where he is now regarded as a natural wonder only a little less elegant than the falls themselves. He was graduated from high school in the spring of 1939, and shortly thereafter enrolled in the CCC's, where he worked in a library. In October, 1940, he joined the National Guard, and a week later was inducted with his unit. He spent several months toting a rifle before embarking on his meteoric ascendancy.

As for Master Sergeant Bowe, he is calm in the face of fame, and has not yet admitted to any one that he is overwhelmed at the notion of being able to call himself the youngest Master Sergeant in the Army. "Aw, I'm not so young," he said last week, taking a big gulp of milk. "I shave every other day, don't I?"

SGT. E. J. KAHN, JR.
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

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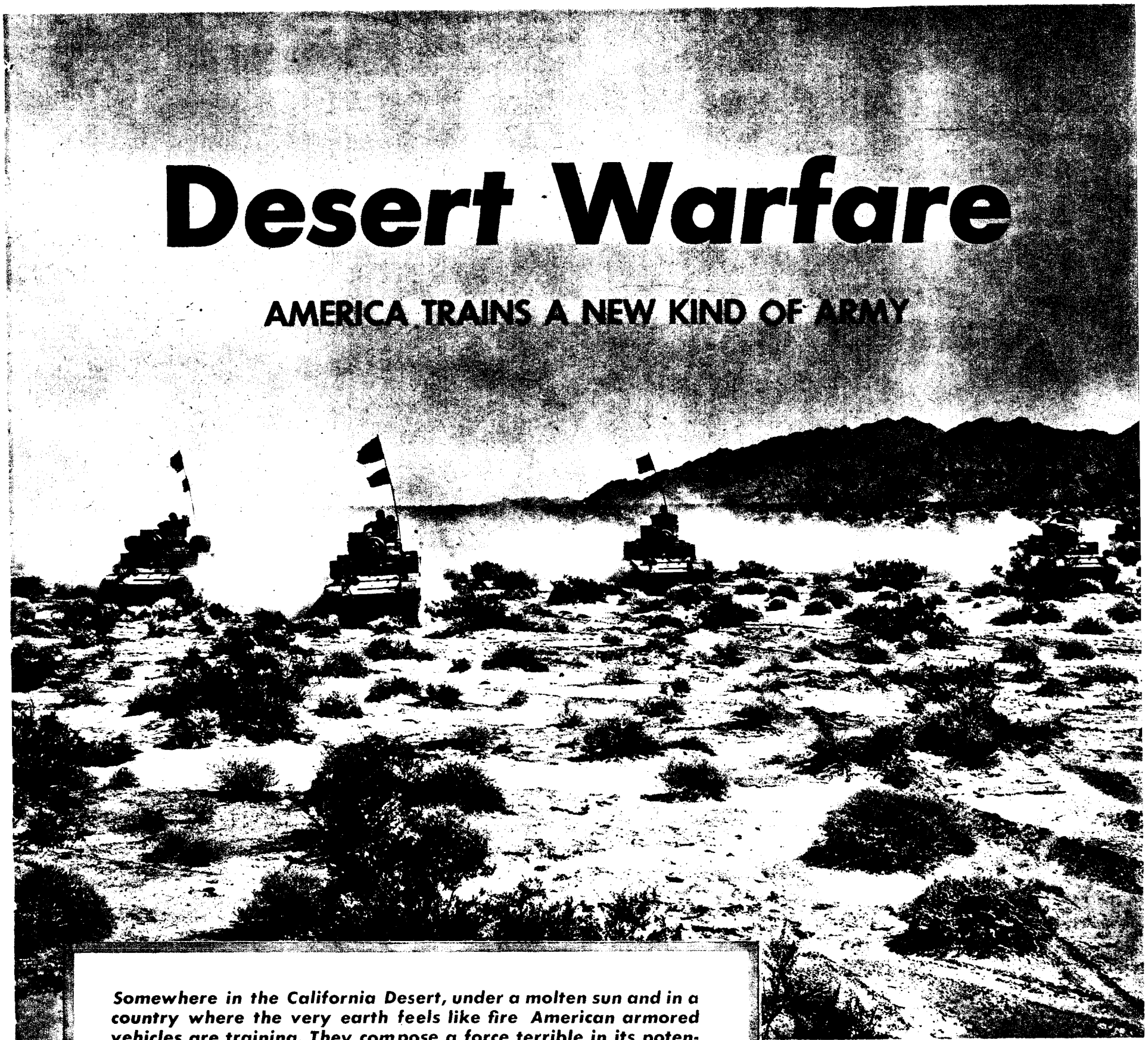
Desert Warfare

AMERICA TRAINS A NEW KIND OF ARMY



Light tanks move across the blazing California desert on a reconnaissance mission.

Somewhere in the California Desert, under a molten sun and in a country where the very earth feels like fire American armored vehicles are training. They compose a force terrible in its potentialities. One sees a small cloud on the fringe of the desert, and it grows until, with a sound like a thousand thunderclaps, it sweeps by and beyond, crushing everything in its path. It is this force that will some day leave death in its wake in the sandy places of Libya, or wherever it may be sent.

By Sgt. Bill Davidson, *YANK Staff Correspondent*

SOMEWHERE IN THE CALIFORNIA DESERT—Out here in the secrecy of the most brutal desert in the world, a great American Army is completing its training.

It is not an army you have heard very much about. It is a desert army, made up of trained desert fighters and specialized desert equipment. But although thousands of men and machines have been swallowed up in the 12,000,000 acres of this area, not even the inhabitants of the scattered towns on the fringe of the desert have any idea what is going on in the barren wastes. The desert has kept its secret well.

And no wonder.

For there is nothing in the world to compare with the horrible desolation of this God-forsaken strip of America. Not even Libya and Egypt can compare with it. Out here, the odds against you are two to one. Not only do you fight the enemy. You also fight a much more terrible and merciless foe—the desert. You fight the dust. You fight the sky. You fight the 130-degree heat that boils the strength out of your body, the ceaseless winds that scorch your skin, the simmering nights that take until dawn to cool. You fight the rattlesnakes, the scorpions, sandstorms, burning thirst, and loneliness.

Before April of this year nothing human could live in this blistered wilderness except a handful of prospecting desert rats who clung piteously to the few tiny oases in the ridges. Yet today the U. S. Army has licked the desert. Thousands of tough American soldiers now live and train here, and a desert striking force has been developed that is unsurpassed among the desert armies of the world.

A few days ago I stood on a lava dune with Robert G. Casey, the war correspondent, and scanned the horizon to the north. We were there to see the opening phase of the great desert maneuvers, which are the graduation exercises for untold numbers of men and machines that have been training there since April. A powerful armored column was reported to be slashing its way to a desert railhead at a crossroads called Freda. The column had covered 50 miles in less than 24 hours. It was moving down the desert with unprecedented power and skill. We wanted to see that column in action. So Casey and I climbed the lava dune at a signpost in the desert known as Sablon, and waited.

For a while nothing happened. There were only the lizards and the sand flies and the blistering sun beating down on our new-type fibre helmet-liners. Suddenly we saw a tiny

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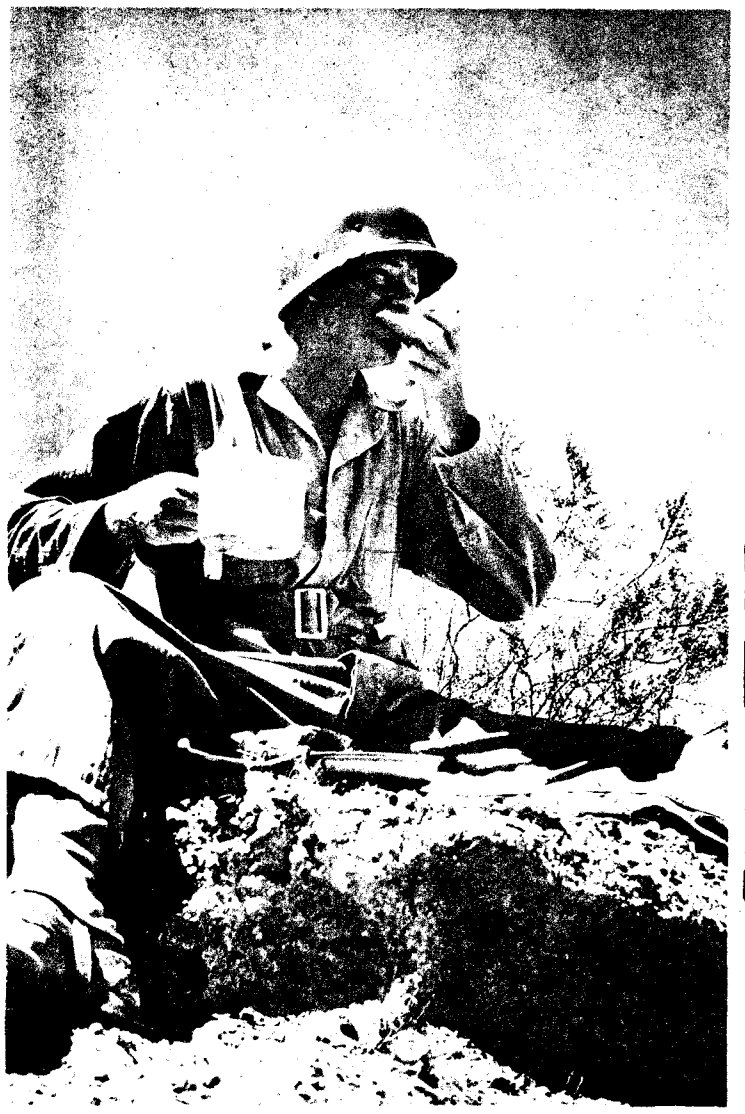

Chow on the desert. Menu includes salt tablets

Ride's over. From a half-track troop carrier infantrymen rush to meet the "enemy"

dust cloud in the distance. The dust cloud became larger. It seemed to be miles away, but before we knew it, it was on us. Out of the dust cloud same thousands of flagged antenna, pointing skyward like the lances of a medieval army. Out of the dust cloud came thousands of O.D. vehicles, maneuvering across the desert in formation, like squadrons of warships.

Army Rolls Out of the Dust

There were light tanks and heavy tanks. There were half-tracks and jeeps and peeps. There were trucks and motorcycles and tractors. Back they stretched, as far as the eye could see. It was as if the desert had suddenly erupted a whole generation of roaring, snorting prehistoric monsters. I was paralyzed by the sight of it. Bob Casey stood beside me with great beads of perspiration drying to salt crust on his forehead. His mouth was hanging open.

We watched the battle. First came the armored infantry, advancing in half-tracks troop carriers, leaping from their vehicles, storming enemy strong points with fixed bayonets, and knocking out enemy tank destroyers with their 37 mm. guns. Then came their own tank destroyers—75's with tremendous fire power, mounted on shielded half-tracks, smashing the enemy tank formations sent out to meet them. Then came the heavy artillery, moving up into the front lines to blast the enemy's fixed positions at point-blank range. Then came the swarms of tanks, smashing everything before them. Then came more infantry in half-tracks to mop up the ground won by the tanks. Overhead, attack bombers and dive bombers annihilated enemy columns rushing up to close the breach. Behind came more tanks, more infantry, and the supply trains—trucks, water carriers, ammunition carriers, salvage vehicles, ambulances. The noise was like the roar of a hundred thunderstorms.

When it was over, Casey turned to me and wiped his forehead. "I saw the German panzers crash through a forest of French 75's at Longwy," he said. "I saw the British knock the Italian Army out of Lybia, and I saw Rommel knock the British right back to Sollum. But never in my life have I seen *anything* to equal this. Why, brother, there were more armored vehicles in this one action than there were in the whole first Lybian campaign."

That's the reaction that's hit everyone—surprise at what we've got. The entire fantastic thing is breath-taking in its scope. There are new secret weapons that I never imagined could exist. There are more tanks equipped for desert fighting than I thought we had produced. And the way the men have picked up the intricate technique and daring of modern desert warfare is something short of amazing.

One night, for instance, I sat in the operations tent of one of the Army headquarters. News of a sham battle was coming in via field telephone. An enemy column of armored infantry had been discovered pushing its way down a narrow corridor of desert lying between a range of mountains and the salt flats of Danby Lake. The situation was strangely similar to that in Egypt, where Rommel was limited to a narrow corridor between the Mediterranean and the impassable salt marshes of the Qattara Depression.

The Danby Salt Flats were supposed to be impassable, too. Heavy vehicles could sink in them and get lost. But before anyone knew what had happened, an entire tank destroyer battalion had suddenly popped up in the middle of the salt flats, and was blasting the enemy column. The enemy didn't even have a chance to take the covers off its guns, and the umpires ruled that the whole regiment was destroyed or captured.

They're No Amateurs

"These men," said a military observer who had been listening to the reports of the battle, "are pros. They know their business. When they come up against the enemy, it isn't going to be an amateur boxer against a heavyweight contender. It's going to be *Joe Louis* against a heavyweight contender."

These pros are tough and rugged. They average five feet, 11 inches in height and 180 pounds in weight. They give their vehicles such names as "Hitler's Hangmen," "Betty Grable" and "Minnesota Scourge." When they go charging across the desert, they whoop and holler like the frontiersmen of our early West.

They come from cities and from farms, yet they've taken to the unliveable desert and made it their home. They catch rattlesnakes, and send the rattles home for souvenirs. They swallow salt tablets with every meal to keep the heat from getting them, and they get along on a gallon of water a day. They shave with the water in their canteens, and their hands blister whenever they touch the metal of their vehicles without asbestos gloves.

The desert was one of the toughest assignments in the history of the Army, yet these men have licked it. And when you lick this desert, you've

Mascot Master Sgt. Murphy kicks up dust

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Precious water goes into canvas bag

Crew of a light mortar in action in a trench. Soldier with field glasses views the results

licked any desert in the world. As Gen. Jacob L. Devers, chief of the Armored Force, put it, "This is like training for the 440-yard dash at 600 yards. Whatever these men come up against after their training here, will be easy by comparison."

I saw these professional desert fighters in every phase of their training. I rode in the assistant driver's seat of a light tank, a 13-ton baby commanded by a leathery little Texas staff sergeant named John Sigmon, who has been nursing the metal monsters for the past 18 years. We ripped and bounced across the desert in battle formation, following orders radioed from the No. 1 tank of Lieut. Olin Brewster. Mesquite and dunes loomed up before the eye slits, then disappeared as our helmeted heads pounded against the tank's walls.

The temperature in the tank rose to 143 degrees. Finally it was over, and I sank back in my seat. It was the toughest hour I had ever spent in my life. Sgt. Sigmon looked down from the turret, wiping the blood from a three-inch gash in his forehead. He had knocked his head against the turret when we'd dropped unexpectedly into a 10-foot gulch. "Mah only worry about this whole thing," said Sigmon in a thoughtful drawl, "is whether we get cold beer in Egypt. There's nothin' I hate more than anything else in this whole wide world than beer when it's warm."

Men of tank destroyer outfit sleep in shade of peep after 300-mile trip

Stalled Tankers Nonchalant

Another time, I came across a disabled medium tank stranded in the middle of the desert. Before its engine clogged, this tank had fought off the attacks of mechanized cavalry, armored infantry and a platoon of tank destroyers. There wasn't a soul around for miles, and the men were sitting there waiting for a salvage truck to pull them in. They had been out in the blazing sun since the day before, but it was just the same as if they were back at base camp. One man was reading a magazine, one was making coffee on an improvised gasoline stove, and the others were teasing a two-foot rattlesnake they had caught and put in an empty jar. The tank commander, Cpl. J. B. Willis, was writing a letter on the turret of the tank. "I'm sure glad this happened," he grinned. "This is the first chance I had to write my girl in over a week." The temperature was 118 degrees in the shade.

There was little shade.

I rode along in a blacked-out supply truck at night, rushing gasoline, water and supplies up to the front lines over rutted desert tracks. I traveled with an armored infantry outfit, and saw an inexhaustible private from the Bronx named Morris Wolpinsky go chasing a jackrabbit across the desert after a full day's fighting. I came across a tank destroyer chaplain named Samuel Maddox, writing an article for a Kentucky Baptist newspaper in the shade of a 2½-ton truck. The subject of the article was the same text he had used in a sunrise desert service the day before —"Victory Through Prayer and Air Power."

Don't worry about the desert front, wherever it happens to be.

We're going to do all right.

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IN AUSTRALIA, these Yanks make a pretty snappy appearance as they pass by in regimental parade. Their training shows in every step.

IN ENGLAND, the famed entertainer, Al Jolson, obliges admiring Yanks with his autograph. Jolson's Mammy has been heard in many an overseas camp.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM ASBESTOS MITTENS TO RED M.P. CAPS

AUSTRALIA

Simon Pure Cpl. Smashes China When The China's "Made In Japan"

GREEN BAY, Wis.—Mrs. O. J. Simon was given a four-star emblem of honor pin by Mayor Alex Biemeret for having four sons in the armed forces.—FROM YANK, JULY 22.

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Corporal Robert J. Simon, assistant squad leader and gas non-com of Company C in an Infantry regiment, was shown the above item in YANK, and said, "Say, that's Mom!" He's known about the pin his mother received for quite awhile, having been sent press clippings from Green Bay, where the presentation took place on July 4th. "Mom's modest about us and didn't even want to get up when they gave her the award," he said. "Dad made her get up, though. I guess it must have been pretty exciting back home. I heard that the mother of every girl I ever went out with called up my mother to congratulate her."

Corporal Simon, who hasn't been home since Easter, when he had a short furlough, is an old family man himself, with a son aged five and a daughter aged four. He's twenty-six, and the oldest of the four Simon warriors. Eugene, twenty-five, is a seaman first class in the Navy, at present stationed Somewhere In The Pacific, though how close to Australia his brother hasn't the faintest idea. Jim, twenty-four, is a sergeant assigned to Aeronautical Meteorology at Chanute Field, Illinois. Oliver, twenty-one, is in the Marines, and was last heard from in New York. He enlisted in February. Bob volunteered for the Army under Selective Service eighteen months ago. The other two brothers have been in for a couple of years.

Although you'd think that Mrs. Simon might take the easiest way out of a weighty maternal chore and send carbon copies of her letters to her scattered sons, she writes them all separately. She sends Bob an average of two a week, and he has no reason to believe she doesn't do as well by his three fighting brothers. Mrs. Simon was responsible to a large degree for the commendable showing her oldest son made when mail was first distributed to his unit in Australia. During a marathon mail call that went on at intervals for four blissful days, he was handed no less than fifty-five first class letters, as well as a packaged "Do Not Disturb" sign from a girl in Massachusetts who somehow had the impression that he had difficulty sleeping. Corporal Simon has no trouble at all sleeping, and is, as a matter of fact, slightly worried that he will never be able to readjust himself to the peculiar habits of civilians. "I am afraid," he said the other day, kicking at the dirt floor of his tent, "that when the war is over I will never be able to get any rest inside of a house."

Before joining the Army, Bob had one of those diversified careers. He peddled papers, drove a cab, sold butter and eggs for Sears Roebuck, ushered in a movie theatre, and drove a delivery truck for a butcher. He was in the National Guard for a spell eight years ago, but had to resign when the butcher, who happened to be his employer at the time, wouldn't give him a two-week vacation for the purpose of attending a compulsory training camp. Now that he's a full-time soldier, he hopes he can take care of the Japs quick and get home to his kids. He's a little concerned over a letter he got saying that his young daughter, understandably confused by all the uniforms in her family, had recently been observed gazing proudly at a picture of her Uncle Jim, in full battle dress. "That's my Daddy," she was heard to exclaim.

Corporal Simon thinks Australia is a fine country. "The people are pretty good and the steak and eggs are darned good," he says. "The girls aren't bad, either. The only time I really got mad over here I broke seven cups and seven saucers in a restaurant. When the lady came up to protest, I said, 'Here's a pound for your trouble.' 'What're you doing that for?' she said. 'Look,' I said, 'the stuff is marked "Made in Japan".' 'I know,' she said, 'but it's pre-war.' 'I don't care, I won't eat off it,' I said."

His brothers would undoubtedly approve.

SGT. E. J. KAHN, JR.
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

WASHINGTON

Asbestos Mittens For Hot M. G.'s On Quartermaster Fall Fashion Roster

WASHINGTON—The Quartermaster Corps has turned up with a flock of new ideas, all meaning a change in equipment for you. The ideas are based on the principle that such a change is desirable if it means a saving of dough and material plus added efficiency. This doesn't mean that there's shortage or bankruptcy in the Quartermaster business; they just reason, logically enough, that if you can make something G.I. out of soy beans instead of aluminum you might as well do it.

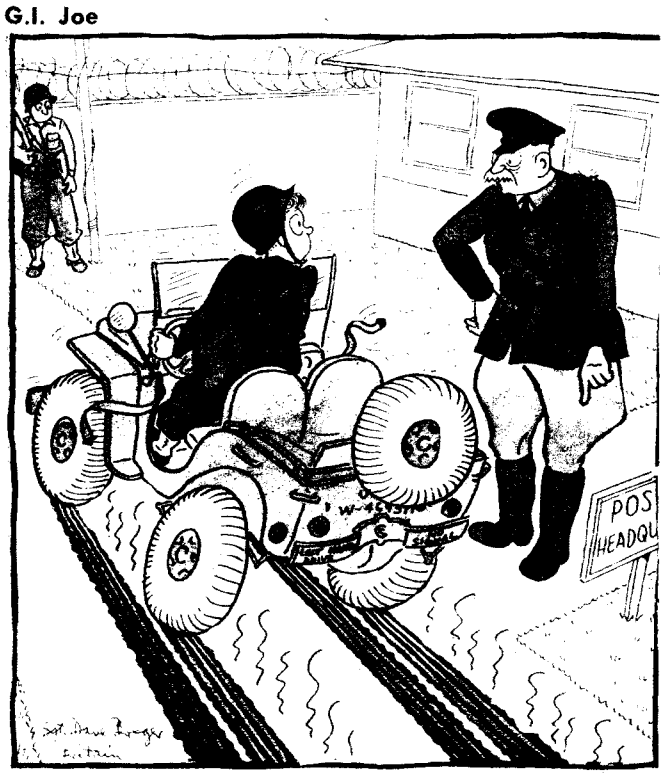
For instance, troops are now to get a new rain suit that uses no rubber. The material is coated with synthetic resin made of plastic, and the result repels water like a duck's back. The whole business consists of hat, coat, and trousers, and looks like a fisherman's outfit. It will be O.D. in shade and the fabric has a breaking strength of not less than 55 pounds, whatever that means.

There is also a new overshoe with a special waterproof top instead of the present rubber one. Tests show that the new shoe gives as much dryness as the old one and more warmth. The change will also save several hundred thousand pounds of rubber, which ain't hay.

A new asbestos mitten has been designed for men handling hot machine guns. There already is an issue glove for this purpose, but the new one will save about 300,000 pounds of herringbone weave asbestos cloth, which will come in handy for other purposes. It's coated with some sort of heat-resistant business, known only to scientists, but guaranteed to be even more effective than the old mitten.

Its effectiveness was demonstrated by the QM in tests under simulated combat conditions. First

G.I. Joe



"Damnit! Go easy on those tires! Do you think rubber grows on trees?"

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IN INDIA, newly-arrived American troops march by United States war planes en route to their camp. Plenty of supplies arrived over there with the men.

IN NEW CALEDONIA, these troops wear field equipment as they go over an obstacle course calculated to make tough Yanks tougher.

they took a steel cylinder, approximately the size of a machine gun barrel, and heated it to a temperature of 600 degrees Fahrenheit, which is warm. Then they had someone hold the barrel in his hands while wearing the mitten. If his hand fell off, then the mitten wasn't good enough. According to the official communique the guy held the barrel for 15 seconds, only steaming a trifle, and satisfied the Army standard. Nobody mentioned what would have happened to him if he hadn't held on for 15 seconds, but anyway the mitten was adopted.

There is also a new cotton-filled comforter, because they decided that a man stationed in Trinidad doesn't have to be kept as warm as someone in Alaska. The conversion will also save 350,000,000 pounds of wool. On the same principle, they are lowering the wool content of winter underwear. This is not to make the stuff itch any less, but because they found they could get practically the same warmth from a mixture of cotton and wool. Only for troops in regions of extreme cold, like the South Pole, will 100% wool underwear be issued.

In a new canteen, soon to be issued, plastic is replacing aluminum. This dainty dish is lighter than the old canteen, will take rougher treatment, and won't burn your fingers when full of hot stuff.

Wood is taking the place of iron in the new wooden double-decker beds that will replace the old iron cots. This will save space and, even more important, 41.8 pounds of iron for each bed.

The QM is also making the Army less pretty. The bi-swing back is now eliminated in the blouse, thus saving at least an eighth of a yard of wool in the manufacture of each coat. They're also changing the buttons on the overcoat from brass to plastic. This may not make your general appearance as chic as formerly, but it will save brass for bullets and may also save your life some day, since plastic doesn't reflect like brass.

FROM YANK'S WASHINGTON BUREAU

By Sgt. Dave Breger

"When will you learn not to wave at girls in this country when they're far away?"

LONDON

The Censor Is Misunderstood — Moreover Muchly Maligned

LONDON—Any censor will tell you at the drop of a razor blade, that he's a misunderstood man, lonely and abused. The censor's occupational disease is self-pity, and he is seized with violent attacks at least three times a day. His only medicine is to tell himself that, misunderstood or not, he is a master psychologist who knows everything the Army is thinking. After all, he says, when a man reads enough letters, he gets a pretty good idea of how soldiers feel about things.

A censor can make a lot of good points about his job, if you can catch him over a pint of beer some time. He will tell you, for one thing, that the syllogism—

1. Reading other people's mail is fun.
2. The censor's job is to read other people's mail.
3. Therefore, the censor's job is fun.

—is not true. Reading other people's mail can be very boring after awhile, especially when one does it ten hours a day, week in and week out.

Another thing that gripes censors is that every letter writer thinks that he himself is a satisfactory censor, with the result that he's miffed when the official censor questions his judgment about what to send home. When a writer learns that certain portions of a letter have been deleted, his first reaction is to ask the censor just what the hell is going on, and do you think I'm a dope or something, and how would you like a poke in the puss? Many a letter is written which ends "The censor is a pain in the neck."

In any day's mail a censor will come across a dozen wisecracks directed at his august person, and the gags are becoming a trifle boring now. Men try to bully things through by writing "The censor is a You Know What if he doesn't pass this." After a rather long-winded letter a man is apt to close by saying "Better stop now before the censor gets mad and cuts out the whole thing." The real cards, though, cut out portions of their own letters and label each gap with the phrase "Ha, ha, beat censor to it."

A certain type of letter-writer resorts to pleading with the censor. "Please pass this, it won't hurt anything," he will write beside something that pierces him with doubt. Another type who appears frequently attempts to gloss over the censorship problem by making the censor a joint correspondent. "Dear Snooky and Censor . . ." his letters begin.

Most deletions in letters are caused by too graphic accounts of convoy trips. The soldier who disembarks finds himself face to face with a post office for the first time in quite a while and goes berserk, so to speak, writing page after page of unmentionable information about the voyage. Another frequent violation of censorship is a description of aerial activity. When these subjects have their novelty taken off the soldier usually resigns himself to writing a series of pasteurized messages to his family and friends.

Censorship regulations are subject to constant change and sometimes even the censor doesn't have an easy time figuring out the score. There are a few points which, if remembered, can save you and your fair (or otherwise) correspondents grief and delay.

First, tell the little lady to stick close to your A.P.O. number and nothing else. Too many ultra smart civilians let their mail in for trouble by addressing it "Pvt. Joe Blow, A.P.O. 000, Ireland." The "Ireland" or any other place name on the address is *out* whether the correspondent knows where you are or not.

Since all mail from overseas personnel clears through the local A.P.O., it's a sound idea to read up on your A.P.O. rules. They may vary from place to place to conform with censorship rules of the nation you're stationed in.

As far as love letters go, the censors don't get in the way at all. For the most part, A.E.F. love missives are chaste, and salutations are confined to "Sweetheart" and "Darling." Closings run pretty much in the same vein. The most elaborate finishing touch to a letter that one censor has seen was "Oceans of love, and a kiss on every wave." Made his throat feel dry, he said.

SGT. BURGESS SCOTT,
YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

London M.P.'s Wear Red Caps But Get Mad If You Yell, "Get My Bag!"

LONDON—American MP's are in a sad state. Their already thankless job has been further complicated by orders to wear red caps.

Somebody liked the way British MP's look in their red caps and made the flaming lids standard equipment for Yank MP's. Now in addition to his armband, every MP is wearing a crown of scarlet on his overseas cap, and the innovation has let him in for a lot of ribbing from his own army.

"American soldiers have recognized us for years with just the armband," wailed one red capped MP. "I don't see why we have to put these things on just because we're in England."

One complaint of the MP's is that whenever they pass a U. S. barracks somebody in an upper story is bound to yell "Hey red cap, get my bags," or something in that vein.

"We're praying now," say the MP's, "that somebody doesn't get the idea of putting us in kilts."

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

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NEWS FROM HOME

AMERICA TACKLES PROBLEMS

President Aims Blow At Inflation While Baruch Wades Into Rubber Situation

This week back-home America rolled up its sleeves and piled into two of its toughest problems.

The first of these was inflation, and the man who personally stepped in to handle this tough baby was President Roosevelt himself. Despite the President's warning to Congress and the people more than four and a half months ago, the cost of living had skyrocketed 15 per cent and showed signs of continuing its alarming climb. So the chief executive spoke by radio to clarify the situation.

"I have asked the Congress to pass legislation," he said, "under which the President would be specifically authorized to stabilize the cost of living, including the price on all farm commodities. The purpose should be to hold farm prices at parity (the normal levels of 30 years ago). At the same time that farm prices are stabilized, I will stabilize wages. In the event that the Congress should fail to act before October 1, and act adequately, I shall accept the responsibility, and *I* will act."

With this blunt warning, the nation was blasted out of its complacency concerning this vital development, and the ponderous mechanism on Capitol Hill began to grind out the necessary legislation. Certain sections of Congress protested, of course, and the opposition press raised again the old accusation of dictatorship, paced by a classically indignant editorial in the Chicago Tribune. But on the whole, the nation approved. And Congress agreed that to save the country from the excruciating hardships of inflation and the post-war depression that would inevitably follow, the President's plan of price and wage control was the only solution.

The second of the country's big problems to approach solution this week was one which had confronted us shockingly ever since the fall of Malaya—the problem of rubber and rubber conservation. The man who tackled this one was Bernard M. Baruch, who worked a miracle with America's war industries in World War I. As head of an investigating committee appointed by President Roosevelt some time ago, Baruch filed his report. The result is that the Government will crack down further on the motorists of America, in order to make up the 211,000-ton deficit in our rubber production this year. Baruch recommended nationwide gas rationing, a speed-up in several successful methods of synthetic rubber manufacture, and a national speed limit of 35 miles per hour.

In other fields, too, America grappled with problems. The most gigantic tax bill in the history of the country neared action on the floors of Congress. The House passed the Soldiers' Vote Bill, 247 to 53, over the heads of a southern bloc who complained that the measure allowed soldiers to vote without paying the state poll tax. The Army moved to draft the 18- and 19-year-olds through a bill introduced by Senator Gurney of South Dakota. And the voters of Georgia sent Ellis Arnall to the governor's chair instead of the three-term incumbent, Eugene Talmadge, who had attracted wide censure by his rough handling of the University of Georgia and by stirring up a bitter race controversy during the campaign.

Georgia's next Governor, Ellis Arnall, and his First Lady.

His father is an officer in the Nazi Army, but Henry Douglas Temple, 20, of New York, has joined the American forces to fight against him.

Aside from all this, however, life in America went on just the same.

Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson declared that America was winning the war of production, and that we were turning out more planes than the entire Axis combined. Henry Douglas Temple, a 20-year-old German who was rejected by the Army on December 8 because he was an enemy alien, was finally accepted with the vow that he would not hesitate to kill his father, an officer in the German Army. The naval transport Wakefield, formerly the luxury liner Manhattan, was towed into port after suffering a disastrous fire at sea in which all of its 1,600 passengers (excepting one cat) were saved.

The Broadway comedy "Life With Father" was offered to the motion picture companies for a record $500,000. Jo-Carroll Dennison, an 18-year-old brunette from Tyler, Texas, was named Miss America for 1942 at the

People Back Home—

Brockton, Mass.—Though more than 5,000 persons gathered for a War Bond rally featuring war dances by Indian soldiers from Fort Devens, not a single bond was sold. The Mayor forgot to bring any.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—In a draft contingent Walter S. Rhodes met an old friend, Robert Eaves. They had volunteered together in 1917, fought together in the Argonne, been mustered out of the Army together on April 19, 1919.

Newton, N. J.—Five-year-old Donald Ladlee died of a collapsed lung after playfully biting a hole in the inner tube of a truck tire.

New York, N. Y.—When a woman hotel guest requested a Gideon Bible during an air raid alert, the desk clerk informed her that rooms were equipped with Bibles. "I know but my husband has that one," she replied.

Middletown, O.—For their prank of hanging Nazi flags on a high school pole, two 15-year-old boys were placed on probation six months and must place a wreath on the soldiers and sailors monument at Woodside Cemetery on May 28 in 1943, 1944 and 1945.

Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Arnold Krause, a proud new mother, named her triplet sons Tom, Dick and—you know.

Elizabeth, N. J.—Eugene F. Sautter got a divorce on the grounds that his wife was raising their children as Nazis.

New York, N. Y.—A five-day meeting of 100 scientists and philosophers ended with the brief note that "intellectual confusion prevails."

Washington, D. C.—When the Post-office Department charged the "Police Gazette" with being obscene, its publisher denied that the 97-year-old magazine ever published anything indecent and held that sexy crime stories "are presented with a moral."

Kokomo, Ind.—A grandmother of ten days, Mrs. Susann Z. Hough joined the WAAC's.

New York, N. Y.—The city health department considered a rule requiring girls to wear stockings, or socks, to prevent the spread of athlete's foot.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Among those who responded when Leonard Houghton Jr. advertised his automobile for sale was Leonard Houghton Sr., who bought the car.

Hollywood, Cal. — Enlisting as a private in the Army Air Force, movie actor Lyle Talbot, 38, said he could "see no reason why I should have a rank or commission."

Philadelphia, Pa.—Freed from Eastern penitentiary after serving a term for horse stealing, 83-year-old Joe Buzzard complained: "Everytime someone misplaces a horse, they come around and ask me about it." One of eleven brothers who composed the notorious "Buzzard Gang," he added: "There was a rumor going around that one of us—can't remember which—never served time but that's a lie. He did three years in Lancaster for horse stealing."

Chicago, Ill.—To preserve war secrets, the United Master Barbers resolved in convention to refrain from talking to their customers.

Washington, D. C.—Rudolph Forster, now 71, was put in charge of the White House office on a temporary basis in 1897. Maurice Latta, now 73, executive clerk, came a year later. Though both have passed the retirement age of 70 years, they got this memo from President Roosevelt: "This is permanent. I don't want either of you to leave me as long as I am here."

Everglades, Fla.—The Florida Seminoles, still unconquered despite the hard-fought Indian Wars of a century and more ago, came forward for the first time in their history to help the nation which drove them into the swamps. They asked to be incorporated as a Florida State National Guard unit to patrol the Everglades for the duration.

Reno, Nev.—City council urged the city judge to hand out shorter sentences because the jail's food bill last month was $500.

Chicago, Ill.—Awaiting trial on an extortion charge, Joseph R. ("Yellow Kid") Weil complained to authorities that he had not received the customary honorarium of $10 when he was discharged from Atlanta's federal penitentiary few months ago. Soon he had a $10 check, sent by the Treasury department.

Philadelphia, Pa. — Tired of the drab garb of a trolley car motorman, William E. Callahan purchased the uniform of a U. S. Army air captain because "it made me look important." He looks less important in jail.

Newark, N. J.—Bernard J. O'Donnell, 21, dashed into the guardhouse of a Western Electric plant with a hefty bomb capable of killing 100 persons just eight minutes before it was timed to go off. The FBI discovered that O'Donnell built, planted and discovered the bomb himself, wanting to be a hero.

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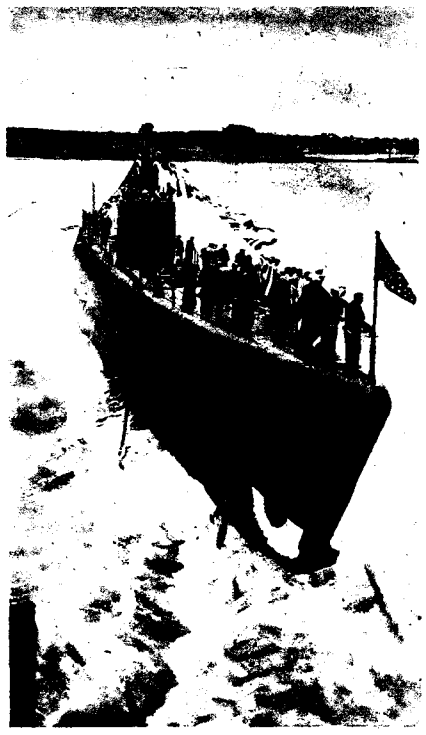
Atlantic City Bathing Beauty Contest. The DuPont laboratories announced that after the war the American home would be built of non-inflammable wood and unbreakable glass. J. P. Morgan celebrated his 75th birthday in seclusion. Gen. John J. Pershing celebrated his 82nd birthday in Washington's Walter Reed Hospital. The Jews of America celebrated their New Year by remaining at work.

The Department of Agriculture announced that corn production would hit 3,015,915,000 bushels this year, and that wheat would total 981,793,000 bushels. A rye crop of 59,665,000 bushels was indicated, and 72,282,000 bushels of rice. The State of California seemed inclined to allow convicts possessing good records to work in the fields, in an attempt to alleviate the acute farm labor shortage. And Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, hinted that the WCTU would pass a resolution calling for wartime prohibition.



Another spike in Uncle Sam's fist: the submarine Steelhead is launched at Portsmouth, N. H.

The political catfight between Clare Boothe Luce, the playwright, and Vivien Kellems for a Connecticut Republican Congressional nomination, ended in a landslide victory for Mrs. Luce. The Boston Navy Yard ordered 17 decorative guns from the War of 1812 to be contributed to the national scrap drive. An effective new method of surgical anesthesia by freezing was announced at the American Congress of Physical Therapy.

The country witnessed another record-breaking week of ship launchings. Thirteen workers were killed and 30 injured in a Buffalo plane factory when an unpiloted pursuit plane crashed through the roof of the plant, after the test pilot had been forced to bail out. Dorothy Lamour's war bond sales rose to $86,000,000.

A bill for a 15 per cent tax on all railroad, bus and airplane tickets was introduced in Congress, to discourage needless travel. A Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron was organized by the War Department to fly planes to the fighting fronts, with Mrs. Nancy Harkness Love, of Boston, as its commander. The Navy began enlisting its first female gobs for the WAVES. The radio program of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music was forced off the air for the first time in nine years by a ruling of James C. Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians. Warner Brothers announced that because of the shortage of manpower in Hollywood, they were having a devil of a time getting 150 male extras to work in a picture with Ann Sheridan, and that they might even be forced to shelve the picture.

The Navy Yard in Brooklyn announced that it was hiring women as mechanics for the first time in its 141-year history, and Mayor La Guardia appealed to the Dodgers over the radio to cut out the suspense and win the pennant. He also asked children to tell him if their fathers were gambling so he could crack down on the bookmaker.

Camp Atterbury in Indiana built a beauty parlor because a company of WAACs are expected to move in there around December, and William Green said that his AFL hoped to establish unity this winter with its arch rival, the CIO. Roy L. Reuther, labor representative, recently released from the Army to serve with the WPB, asked to return to active service.

Miss Fran McVey will teach future airmen at Lowry Field, Colo., all about the machine gun. She is the field's first woman instructor.

Indianapolis, Ind. — By rigorous tests in low pressure chambers, the Aero Medical Association proved that by holding their breaths airplane pilots can safely take to their parachutes at a height of nearly seven miles.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—Though he had no car, a man dropped a nickel in a parking meter during a rush hour and defied police and motorists to move him. He just sat there, a full hour.

Harrisburg, Pa.—The Pennsylvania Horological association voted to display all clocks with the hands stopped at 7:55—a reminder of the first shot fired at Pearl Harbor, 7:55 a.m., December 7, 1941.

Brantford, O.—When city officials substituted plastic dog tags for metal ones, the dogs ate the new tags.

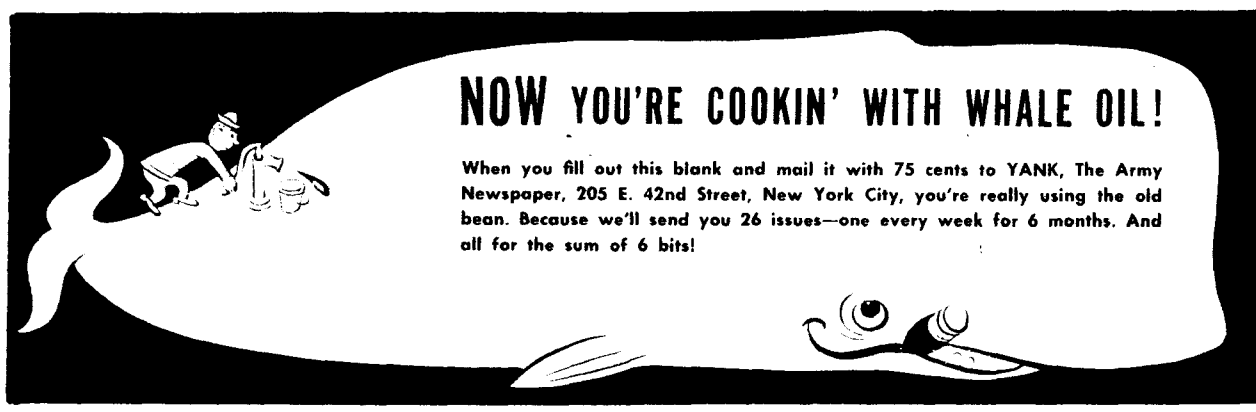
Washington, D. C.—Firing through a basement window, a policeman put a rifle bullet through an invader's head, enabled 15 families to return to their apartment building. The invader—a skunk.

Chicago, Ill.—The magazine Hygeia accused a patent medicine manufacturer of advertising that his nostrum would cure tuberculosis "not only without surgery or segregation but without diagnosis."

Long Beach, Cal.—S/Sgt. John W. Westervelt, 73, married Mrs. Leota Harrison, 54, and claimed to be the oldest bridegroom in the Army.

Stillwater, Minn.—R. M. Hadrath wrote to the U. S. Senate finance committee for permission to turn over all profits of Stillwater War Industries, Inc., to the Government.

"WOW—THAT'S WHAT I CALL 1-A!"



NOW YOU'RE COOKIN' WITH WHALE OIL!

When you fill out this blank and mail it with 75 cents to YANK, The Army Newspaper, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, you're really using the old bean. Because we'll send you 26 issues—one every week for 6 months. And all for the sum of 6 bits!

FULL NAME AND RANK A.S.N.

ARMY ADDRESS

SUBSCRIPTIONS CAN BE ENTERED FOR SERVICE MEN ONLY.

1-15

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TRIPLE TRY. This homemade basketball court in Iceland gives men of an Aviation Engineer unit a chance to stretch some extra joints during their free time. It looks as if the ball were quicker than the hands. But wherever the ball went, the game helps to keep off that cold northern wind.

YANK IN MIDDLE EAST. U.S. bomber and F Australian Air Force smilingly approve The Army Newspaper. L. to r.: Major J. E. Carn Sgt. G. H. Cameron, Major Max R. Fennell, and Sgt. Stewart Ca

NAVAL CHARGE? Yep, that's right. No. G.I.'s, but yelling sailors, who charge out of concealment during training maneuvers in the Panama Canal Zone. On duty at bases guarding the canal, they train daily in jungle fighting, getting ready to take care of invaders.

YANK IN ENGLAND. In London, Pvt. George Beck troit, Mich., Tech. Sgt. Geor Farkas, also of Detroit, and Cpl. Herbert S. Bastion, Kearsarge met, Mich., make a joint perusal of welcome reading m

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Somewhere in this group of eleven beauties at Atlantic City, N. J., is Miss America. Can you find her? Well, then, now look at the picture at bottom right on this page. There you see the winner, Jo-Carroll Dennison from "Deep in the Heart of Texas"—Tyler, to be exact. In photo above she stands second from right.

At RAF airdromes shared by Americans in England, good old K.P. is handled by the WAAFS. That is, unless some volunteer like Pvt. Miles Maljan, of Wall, Pa., comes along, prepared to peel countless spuds to gain such a position in life. Smooth fellow, Miles. But the absence of potatoes from his pan gives rise to suspicion.

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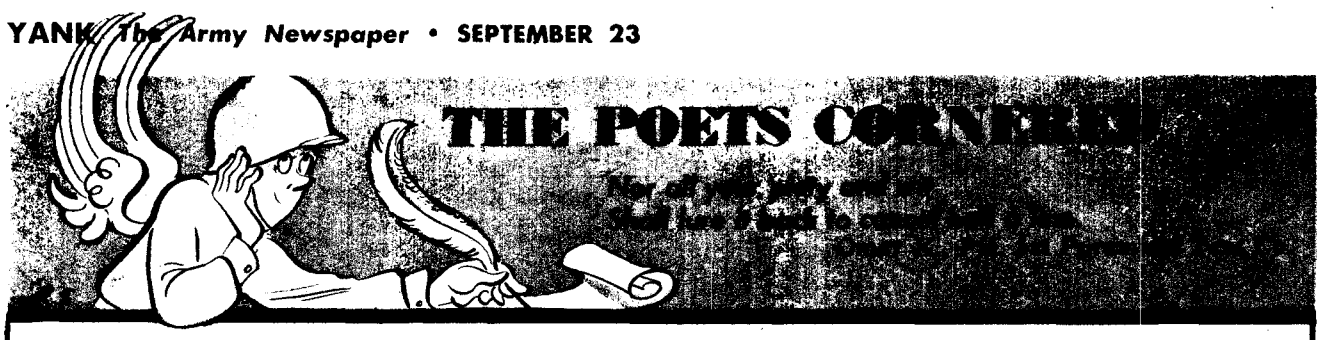


DIM OUT

It was three a.m. in the early brights,
And the joint was loaded with darks and lights.
A G.I. square was lapping Saki,
Hep to his jive, a Kat in Khaki.

A prima donna caught his eye,
Fine as wine and three quarters high.
"Whatever she wants!" And this creola
Ordered her up a big rum cola.

He eased on over to this Queen's table
To soft gum beat her a bedtime fable:
"Baby, you're really the town's sensation.
You rate A-1 in my classification."

This here now cat was a bogus creeper,
Oiled to catch an unbooted sleeper,
A Harlem hipster, sharp from the city.
He thought he could trick this small-town kitty.
"Look here, chicken," the G.I. speiled,
"You're with the man that runs this field.
My raiser's got him a seat in the senate.
The stripe on my arm means first lieutenant.

"And, babe, I've got a top B.S. plan.
I'm the smartest kat in this whole land.
I make my money playing cards.
Don't need no pass; I jive the the guards."
As they sat there lushing and having a ball,
Our boy didn't know he rode for fall.
He mugged her lightly; she said, "Please stop."
And dunked his drink with a knockout drop.

When our G.I. square began to think
He was back on the post in an M.P. clink,
And his country chick, in her village flat,
Was splitting his gold with a country kat.

THE HAWK'S CRY
Tuskegee Army Flying School

ALERT

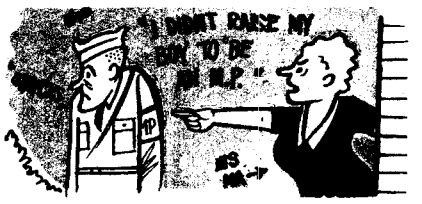
The beams of light, like giant scissors, snip the sky to shreds,
See! Two have met and cross above the chapel on the hill!
Now satisfied, they flicker out, and stars fall back in place—
The threat is gone, but nerves are tight; alert, the land is still.

Oh the fingers of light are out tonight
Probing the fringe of mist,
And the outpost lines under jungle vines
Are waiting with mailed fist.

Hark! The beat of giant feet across the star-strewn floor!
The million-candled fingers leap and point where wings are bared;
But now the word dit-dits between, and friend is greeting friend:
The beams flick off; again the land is taut, alert, prepared.

Oh the pencils of light are eager to write
A one-way ticket to Hell.
Dream on, my sweet, in your distant retreat
Dream on, we are watching well!

LIEUT. ROBERT G. RASHID
14th Inf New Orleans



GENEALOGICAL REFLECTION

To know one thing I've often yearned,
One fact I would discover;
I'll never rest until I have learned
Do M.P.'s have a mother?

PFC. DAN LAURENCE
Australia

Words Across the Sea

Cpl. William Smith of Hollis, Long Island, and Camp Davis, N. C. is a candidate for O.C.S. To his neighbor for 15 years, Sgt. Larry Callahan, who's in either Hawaii or Australia, Bill says: "Saw your brother Johnny and he's fine. Your Brother Robert is at Bolling Field, in case you didn't know. They asked about you at Metschel's." This last, it seems, is a beer emporium that Bill and Larry frequented.

AV/C Eric Shwartz wore the uniform of a corporal in the Signal Corps until he was accepted as an Aviation Cadet. Now he's got winged propellors hanging from chapeau and lapels and hopes soon to have bars and wings to replace them. He's studying navigation at Ellington Field, Texas. To Lt. Maury B. Hankin, C.A., Hawaii, Eric says, "All the Japs you don't get, I hope I do. Congratulations on your commission."

Pvt. Larry French wears his overseas cap at such a jaunty angle because in his home town people are debonair and rakish as hell. He's a native of Hollywood. He's now a signal corps radio operator stationed at Mantaloking, N. J. To an old golfing companion St. Sgt. Winston Prior, F.A., Australia, Larry sends congratulations for the military equivalent of a hole-in-one: "Let me know how you went from private to staff sergeant in one jump! Still hoping for a good game of golf with you again and looking forward to meeting your wife."

Sgt. James Lynch of New York City sold Army and Navy uniforms in civilian days. After he got a letter from Uncle Sam one day, he went around the counter and became a customer. Now on Special Duty, he sends greetings to Pfc. William Goldstein, an old high school track mate who's in New Caledonia. "Hope to see you soon, Bill," he says, "but until I do, use your sprinting experience to keep the Japs on the run. Take care of yourself and the best of luck."

Pvt. Kenneth Samuelson is from Superior, Wis., now stationed with an Atlantic Coast Artillery outfit. Ken sends greetings to another Superior being, Jack Morgenthaler, Chemical Warfare, Ireland. "George Butler is progressing fast," says Ken. "Your sister just got married. Herb expects to be in shortly."

DEAR YANK:

In re: "The Guy Who Went To Early Chow." (YANK, August 12.)

So that's what they think about the clerks? Tell the guy who wrote the poem that the clerk's life is not all gin and Four Roses. Who is it the yardbird sees when he gets redlined on the payroll for signing his name wrong? Who is it that gets up in the middle of the night to answer the phone? Who is it that sits at Headquarters day after day, making the payrolls, pay vouchers, allotments, insurance, dependency applications, duty rosters, and even the furlough papers? Who is it that has to work overtime at Headquarters and gets back in time to see Yardbird Jones clean off the last piece of meat, bread, or what have you? Who then goes to the service club and *buys* his own supper?

Answer to all of these is the clerk, whether it is company clerk or a headquarters clerk.

Attached is the clerk's reply.

CPL. CARL E. ("BUCK") DAVIDSON
ALASKA

THE CLERK'S REPLY

He works from morn till late at night
And worries if the books aren't right,
He pounds the keys to fill the blanks,
He pacifies the payroll cranks,
He gets the kick when errors show,
He gets bawled out for working slow,
He writes insurance and allotments
And tries to figure out amendments,
He fills the forms to pay the men,
He slaves with typing, ink and pen.
His day is long, the work is tough.
At best the going's very rough.
He does his best and can not stop,
He misses meals and gets the slop.
And then, to thank him for his work
The toil-worn guy is called a jerk!

DEAR YANK:

Your paper has reached us here (approximately 800 miles off the east coast of Australia) and the general opinion seems to indicate that YANK will find high favor with the armed forces.

New Caledonia Dive-Bomber

This little trick has a very persistent personality, ornery attitude, and an unlimited fuel capacity.

I am enclosing a cartoon of an almost ordinary mosquito which, along with the troops and natives, inhabits this island. It might give you some idea of one of the things we're up against.

CPL. WALLY PFAFF
NEW CALEDONIA

DEAR YANK:

Just received first issue here of YANK and we all think it's terrific. You'll never know how much it means to see something so truly American out here for a change. I am typing a few bits of verse, written in a lighter moment, aboard a U.S. troopship coming over, which I hope you can use. You can expect a line from "somewhere in Australia" every so often, and if there is any information you want from these shores don't hesitate to ask. Good luck, and here's looking forward to many successful issues.

PFC. DAN H. GOLDSTEIN
AUSTRALIA

DEAR YANK:

Just a few lines to express my appreciation for our Army Newspaper YANK.

Boy! Do you dish it out! Just the way we like it. Straight from the shoulder. The good old American way.

The items on the war situation give us G.I.'s a clear picture of what our armed forces are doing, as well as our allies. "Thanks to YANK" and its extremely capable staff.

SGT. EARL D. HARPER
FORT BRAGG, N. C.

DEAR YANK:

I've been enjoying YANK since the PX started carrying the paper, but your September 2 edition is, to me, the best copy so far.

On page 21 was printed a roster of the All-Star team at Pasadena, Calif. I ran through the names and found one that almost knocked me for a loop. It was Emile Fritz. Fritz was a roommate of mine at Loyola of the South, New Orleans, for the three months I spent there before quitting to attend a Georgia school. He and I corresponded, but I lost track of him after a while. I'd like to know if there is any way YANK could help me in getting Fritz's address.

PFC. TOM YURASICH
CAMP WILLIAMS, WIS.

Will somebody please ask Fritz to write Yurasich in care of YANK? We'll forward it.

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YANK
THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
SEPT. 23, 1942
VOL. 1, NO. 15
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

The Battle of Scrap Metal

One of America's most familiar figures is the junk man. In peacetime we didn't pay much attention to him. He didn't want us to, either, because he had learned that there was great value in a lot of stuff the rest of us threw away.

Now we are finding out what the junk man has known all along. Junk has a use. Scrap metals can be converted into machines of war. And scrap metal has become nationally important The War Production Board has told U.S. newspapers that the attention we pay to junk collection will have a vital bearing on this war.

Those are serious words. So serious that every U.S. newspaper and radio station is exhorting every good citizen to keep a sharp eye out for old iron, steel, rubber, tin cans, aluminum pots, anything and everything that can be melted down and thrown back at Herr Hitler.

The situation is so serious that the brass hats have even turned in their head-gear to the scrap collection. That crack about brass hats may be a corny gag, but it's our American way to laugh when the going is tough. Like the crack employees of Standard Oil of Indiana used to make about their boss, ex-Navy Lieut. Commander Frank Martinek. Of him they said, "If he's just ordinarily cranky, don't worry, but when he smiles, look out, he means business."

Now the government means business in the job of collecting scrap. It's not enough to leave this job to the civilians. In Army camps, at home and abroad, there is a lot of scrap lying around that could be put to mighty good use. When you see it, report it to I & I so they can salvage it. It's not enough that certain officers attend to the salvage. They can't be everywhere at once. But soldiers are everywhere around camp. And you may stumble across valuable aluminum, tin, iron or rubber that has escaped notice. Turn it in.

You may be in a tough spot one day, where a few more field pieces or tanks or planes will come in mighty handy. And it will be gratifying to know then, that the scrap you turned in, processed into the weapons you fight with, enabled you to win the battle.

"A Mrs. Finnegan, of Peoria, requested that we drop the whole damn thing on them."

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

But Magnifying Glasses Burn

Tokio radio lodges a complaint through Tomakagu Hori, one of the top-flight Japanese Government spokesmen.

"The Americans," says Brother Hori, "are magnifying entirely out of proportion the sporadic clashes around Midway and the Solomon Islands."

Sticks and Stones

According to the German Transocean Agency, a statue in the tiny Italian town of Verona has been mysteriously stoned every night between the hours of 10 p. m. and midnight. During these two hours, stones are thrown against the statue at five-minute intervals. Guards are posted. Soldiers regularly search the town. But the stoning continues, and no one knows the origin thereof.

The Transocean Agency expresses complete bafflement. It hesitates, however, to mention the character of the statue, which is rumored to be the likeness of a prominent ex-Austrian politician.

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Pictures: Cover, Sgt. John A. Bushemi. 2, top right center, top right and bottom right, INP; bottom left and bottom right center, Acme. 4, INP. 5, 6 and 7, Sgt. John A. Bushemi. 8, PA. 9, left, PA; right, WW. 10, left, INP; right, Acme. 11, left, INP; right, PA. 12, top left, U.S. Sig. Corps; top right, Acme; bottom left, WW; bottom right, American Red Cross. 13, top, INP; bottom left, Sgt. George Aarons; bottom right, Acme. 14, YANK Staff. 17-18, U.S. Sig. Corps. 20, Murray Korman. 21, Acme. 22, PA. 23, PA. 24, PRO, 91st Division, U.S. Army.

Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service

Information Displeased

Volk en Staat, the Antwerp Nazi newspaper, raised hell with the Belgian Telephone Company recently because a new Antwerp telephone book had not been published since 1940.

The newspaper formally accused the telephone company of "expecting the early and victorious return of those who have left the country" and of "finding that a revised listing is therefore unnecessary."

East of Gowanus

A Zurich dispatch, reporting the results of a soccer game between the Italians and Croats in Zagreb, recounts the following interesting climax to the contest:

"About midway in the second half," says the Zurich story," a band of Yugoslav patriots wearing soccer uniforms charged onto the field and killed six players and the umpire. All of the Yugoslavs escaped in the crowd, and the game was not resumed."

The Cart Before the—

An official German decree recently dissolved the Netherlands Medical Society.

This was strictly an afterthought.

The membership of the society had already resigned en masse, leaving only a president, treasurer, and a Nazi sergeant-at-arms.

The V-ery Idea!

According to the German broadcaster, "O.K.," the attitude of the British troops at Dieppe was "disgusting."

"They had the nerve," he said, "to make the V-sign with their fingers."

Reunion in Vienna

Hitler and Mussolini are to hold another of their epic meetings, this time in Vienna, in the very near future. The announced purpose of the meeting is to settle the controversy between Hungary and Rumania—and to discuss "certain aspects of the coming winter campaign."

Prague Hogged by Nazis

Social Note: The wives and children of rich German industrialists and Nazi Party officials are wintering this season in Prague. They are moving into Prague in ever-increasing numbers. In fact, Prague is lousy with them.

Prague is the only city in the Greater Reich as yet untouched by British or Russian bombs.

Aw Nuts!

A German broadcast from Berlin last week officially announced the retirement of Max Schmeling from the ring. "The former heavyweight champion was forced to relinquish his European title," the broadcast said, "because of injuries received in action in Crete, and in the bout with Joe Louis in 1938, which the American Negro won by rendering the German unfit for continuing the fight by use of unfair blows delivered by unchained fury." Joe's warming up for the rest of you boys right now, incidentally.

What Price Plagiarism

Undaunted by the Anglo-American job at Dieppe, etc., the Italians launched a commando raid of their own last week. The United Press reports that fourteen Italian commandos landed in boats behind the British lines at El Alamein in Egypt, and placed dynamite under the tracks of the coastal railroad.

Four trains went by, and nothing happened. Allied troops, in the meantime, found the Italians' landing boats and started a search. The Italian commandos were thereupon captured, amicably and without bloodshed. They were found in a nearby desert hut, swatting flies, but otherwise reclining peacefully in the shade.

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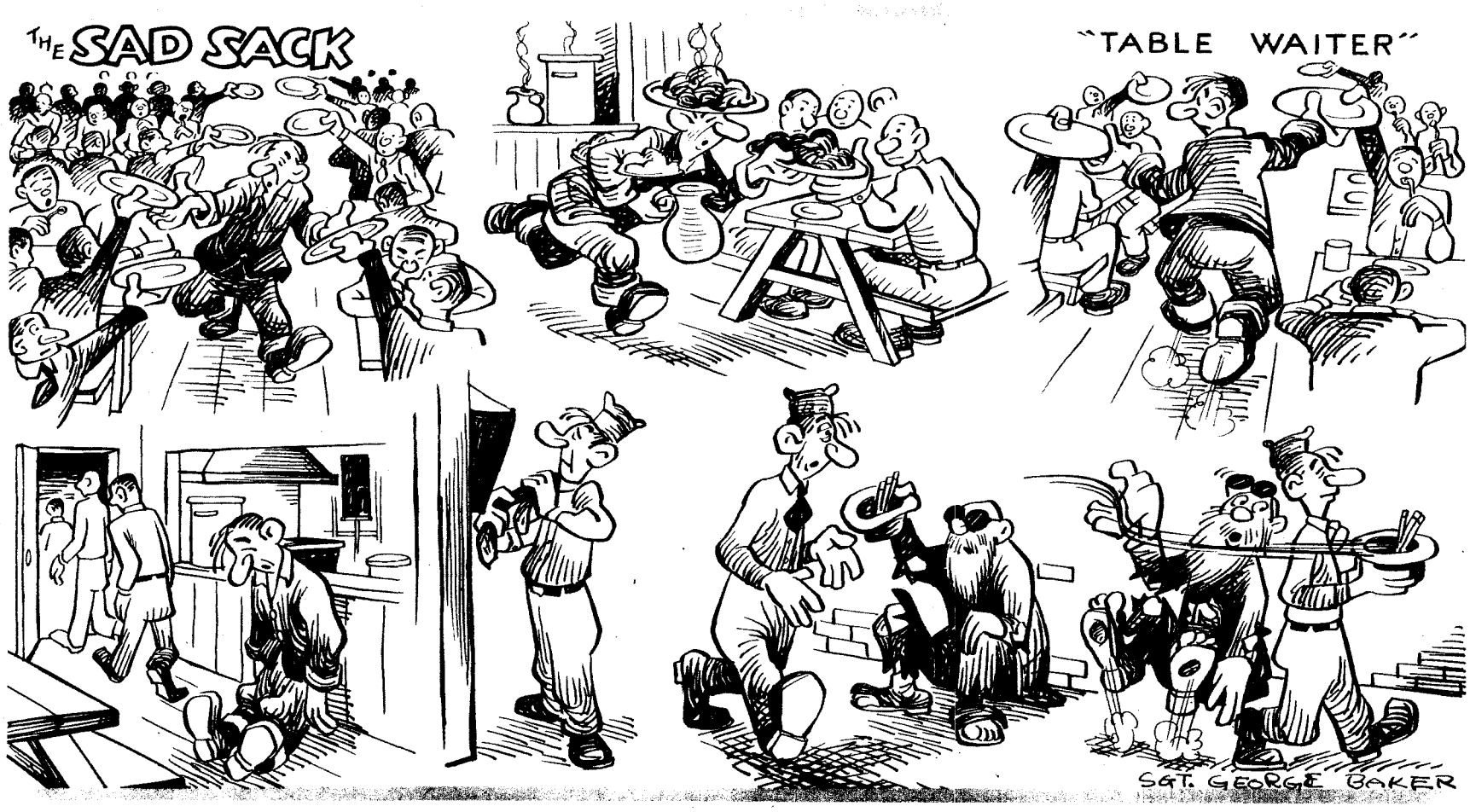


BETWEEN the LINES

THE PERFECT SOLDIER

My friend Stinky Smith was telling me the other day about Pvt. E. J. Snodgrass, the perfect soldier.

It seems this guy Snodgrass found out about a week in advance that there was a heavy inspection coming up Saturday, and he knew he would have to do everything up perfect because the second looey was laying for him on account of the looey used to be office boy in the company where this guy Snodgrass used to work.

But this guy Snodgrass had just won six bucks from a corporal in a crap game, so he let the corporal work it out cleaning up his rifle and stuff and seeing that everything was strictly like in regulations. The corporal done a good job, too, and between them they just about had the second looey stumped when the inspection began.

"Private Snodgrass, let me see your rifle," says the looey.

"Hmmm . . . " says the looey, giving the gun the once over. "Looks to be all right. Now open up your foot locker."

"Yes, sir," says this guy Snodgrass, lifting up the top and letting the looey take a gander at a perfect layout of underwear and stuff.

"Hmmm . . . " says the looey. "You got any buttons missing on your uniform?"

"No, sir," says this guy Snodgrass. He was right, too, because the corporal had been up half the night sewing them on.

"Hmmm . . . " says the looey. "Did you get a haircut recently?"

"Yes, sir—last night," says Snodgrass, "and I got witnesses."

"Hmmm . . . never mind," says the looey. "Now your equipment."

"Yes, sir," says this guy Snodgrass, stepping to one side and letting the looey look at where the corporal had shined up all the equipment and laid it out just like the picture in the handbook.

"Hmmm . . . " says the looey. "Everything seems to be all right."

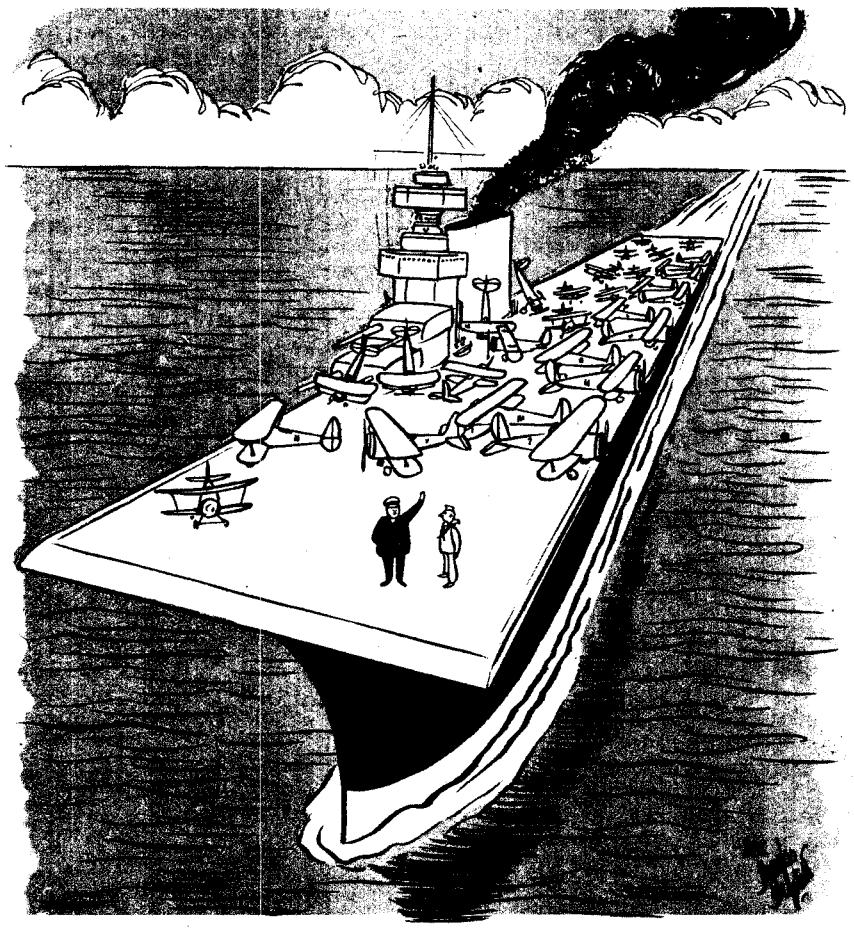
"Yes, sir," says this guy Snodgrass. "Is there anything else, sir?"

"Hmmm . . . " says the looey. "Tell me, Pvt. Snodgrass—what size hat do you wear?"

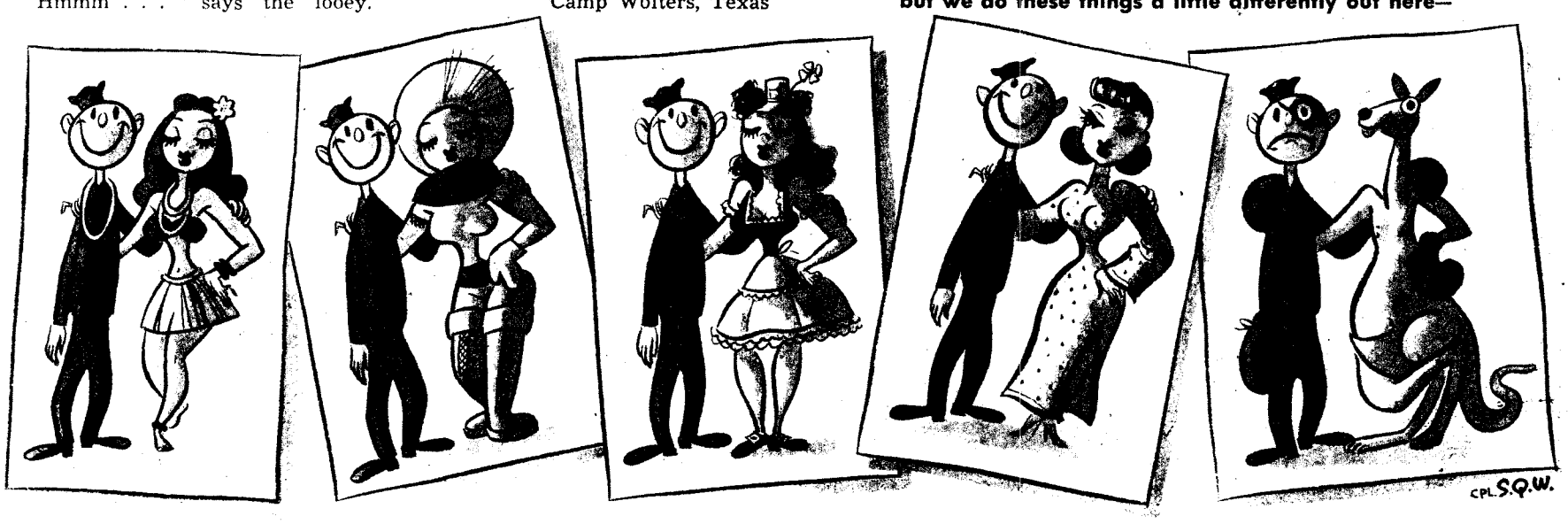
"Seven and a quarter, sir," says this guy Snodgrass.

"Well, I'll tell you, Pvt. Snodgrass," says the looey. "There is just one thing you need. I want you to go down to the quartermaster this afternoon and get them to requisition a halo for you."

S/SGT. DAVID R. MCLEAN
Camp Wolters, Texas



"Er, we appreciate your experience as a parking lot attendant, Cassidy, but we do these things a little differently out here—"



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I GOT SPURS THAT JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE

Words and Music by Cpl. Marion Hargrove and Sgt. Ralph Stein, a Couple of G. I. Jockeys

"A Cavalryman Is Half as Big and Twice as Tough"

"Juke Boxes Darken the Cavalryman's Life"

FORT RILEY, KANS.—A horse cavalryman is a nobleman of nature, half as big as a soldier and twice as tough. Being constantly in communion with nature (in its more visible forms), the horse cavalryman fears neither man nor beast and trembles only before juke boxes, which always darken his life with "I've Got Spurs That Jingle Jangle Jingle."*

Cavalrymen do not like this song. A cavalryman has spurs, it is true, but they do not jingle, neither do they jangle—except on his nerves in the song. To him, the spurs are merely something forbidden at Service Club dances, where the senior hostess grimly informs him her girls cannot have their stockings torn to pieces.

To get into the horse cavalry is no simple matter. Because in normal times the cavalry draws its magnificent personnel from the ranks of cowboys, jockeys, Hollywood stuntmen and wealthy horseflesh fanciers, it is not easy to convince the classification office of your ability as an equestrian.

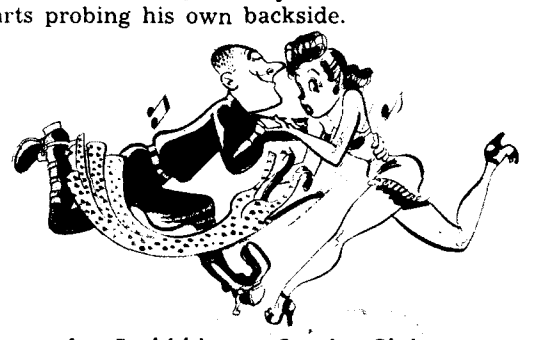
Nor is it a short step from induction to riding. Instead of a horse, the cavalry recruit is handed a broom, a currycomb and a diagram of a horse's anatomy. From this humble start, he rides to a class in saddling and bridling and from there he goes to a class in sitting. This finished, he either gets a horse or is sent to a mechanized outfit.

In the horse cavalry, recruits do not complain as loudly about kitchen police as do the rooks in other branches. The cavalry has a detail known as stable police. It has such minor tasks as feeding horses, taking them on sick call when they feel the urge to goldbrick and making their beds for them. These duties, however, are trivial sidelights. To quote a weeping S.P., "Our work ain't with horses it's where horses have been."

All of this is good training, however, since the cavalryman is destined to be to his horse as a teacher to a pupil or a mother to her child. He grooms his own horse. He feeds his horse before he himself eats and sprinkles the oats with pebbles so that the horse won't eat too fast. He exercises his horse. He dries his horse's feet after a rain. When day is done and shadows fall, the trooper rubs his horse's eyes to get the sleepy-bugs out, and tenderly puts him to bed.

This is not done merely because the first sergeant is looking. Oh, no. It is because the trooper loves his horse. You can start talking to him about any subject and in no time at all he will unconsciously switch the conversation to horses.

If he is thrown from (or by) his horse, he will examine the horse for injuries even before he starts probing his own backside.



"Spurs Are Forbidden at Service Club Dances"

Cavalrymen are taught never to let the horse get the upper hand. Once the horse asserts himself over the rider, he will thenceforth do whatever he damned well pleases. At the first meeting of horse and rider, a cavalry horse will try out the trooper to see which of the two will be boss.

"It Is Not Easy to Convince the Classification Office of Your Ability As an Equestrian"

*Note to Overseas Readers—This song is heard more often in the U. S. now than "Daddy" last summer.

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Men Under Fire

Veterans of the First AEF Write a True Picture of the Fighting Soldier

WAR is a strange business. The private of the line and the captain of the company know less about the battle they are fighting than newspaper readers 5,000 miles away. The soldier's vision is limited to a few thousand yards of terrain; usually he cannot see his enemy. Maps confuse him. His idea of the forces opposing him is vague. At night he is doubly blind.

Because of these limitations, most modern war literature is intensely personal, dealing with what one soldier sees and hears and smells and thinks. A fighting man is unable to see a battle as a panorama; he must leave that to the historians and the tacticians. However, when the experiences of several men are gathered together, they present a comprehensive picture of what war is like.

That kind of a picture of war—with its confusion, boredom and excitement—is presented in a new book called "Americans vs. Germans—The First A.E.F. in Action," published by Penguin Books, Inc., and The Infantry Journal.

Six veterans of that first A.E.F.—five of them now in active service—wrote this book. In 1918 they were lying on their stomachs in foxholes, seeing the First World War at battle sight—with leaf down and at point blank range. They came to France early and they stayed late. They have written about various things—the portrait of a a major, the portrait of a corporal, the battle around Cantigny, the Marines at Vierzy—but it all adds up to War.

THE COLONEL'S STORY comes first. Col. Edward S. Johnston got to France early, as a young lieutenant with the 1st Division. He spent the winter of 1917-18 in French billets that were mere barns—leaky, drafty, forbidding. In that winter, the colonel says, "socks had to do duty as gloves, but there was a shortage of socks. Shoes nad to be held together with rags and string. There were not enough stoves. There was not enough good firewood. There were shortages in nearly everything. In those cold billets it tried a man's soul to draw a razor across his face, and cold, moist bedding was nothing to make a man start the day in a cheerful temper.

"And there was nothing inspiring in the appearance of the troops. Bristles on their faces, *vin rouge* on their breaths, mud on their long, bedraggled overcoats, their noses running. They were neither beautiful to the eye nor consoling to the spirit."

The battalion to which Johnston was attached was a mess. But on a miserably cold day a new major came—a man who had been with the Canadians, the possessor of "a short-clipped mustache, a clipped accent, and a voice that could purr and shout in the same breath." The battalion began to change the day he arrived.

The major's first consideration was to make his men comfortable and happy. He cleared stoves out of NCO quarters and put them in larger rooms so more men would be warm. He repaired the billets, using makeshift materials and the hands of expert carpenters. He sent ex-woodsmen out to collect firewood. He had each company fix up a drying room, to dry bedding and clothing. By staggering reveille, he got the men to shave: if a platoon presented a decent appearance it could sleep until 6 o'clock, if not, it got up at 5:30.

Slowly, as winter wound out, the battalion shaped itself into a fighting force. "I like to see the men getting so hard — and so quiet," the major said. By the time spring came and the battalion was ready to move up to Cantigny it was a beautiful thing to watch. But the major never got to Cantigny. He died on the way.

The battalion went up to the line without him, to the first taste of battle American troops had in France. Cantigny was not a crucial point, but an initial American success was necessary for Allied morale. "The Americans must hold their own," the high command thought. "More than that, they must attack the enemy. Be it for ever so little, they must push him back." So the battalion went up.

Cantigny was a hell-hole. It had been fought over for months, and the battalion dug trenches where Moroccans had died weeks before. The battalion straddled a place called Death Valley and stared upward at Cantigny. "It burrowed away from shellfire. It dodged about the area by night. It ate one 'hot' meal a day while the hostile airplanes bombed the roads, photographed the new positions, and adjusted for their artillery." A spy was discovered in the outfit; he was finally killed when discovered in conference with several of the enemy. The battalion beat off a German attack. And then came their own attack.

The attack was a honey. First came the artillery preparation. As the colonel put it, "The artillery shouted—no, it raved. Cantigny crashed and thundered like the end of the world. Tanks crawled up the ravine slope. Here and there, the whetted edge of bayonets glittered."

The men waited—the men who had not been so dependable for the last few weeks. For some strange reason, they were now confident and even happy.

The whistles sounded.

A raiding party from 168th Infantry moving through what had been forest in March, 1918

It was a honey of an attack.

The major had done his job well.

A STORY BY A PRIVATE is next—"The Taking of Montfaucon," by Pfc. James M. Cain II. Cain, in case you haven't heard, came out of World War I to develop into quite a writer, and this was one of his best pieces of work.

He begins thus: "I been asked did I get a D.S.C. in the late war, and the answer is no, but I might of got one if I had not run into some tough luck. And how that was is pretty mixed up, so I guess I better start at the beginning, so you can get it all straight and I will not have to do no backtracking."

And so it goes. It's September 26, 1918, and the old 79th Division is pushing ahead with the rest of the A.E.F. The immediate objective of the 79th is the town of Montfaucon. The town is on a hill surrounded by pillboxes and barbed wire, and the 157th Brigade, which is to lead the advance is in for a tough time. Only Cain doesn't see any of this because he is driving a water wagon with a guy named Armbruster and wishing he could get a little sleep.

Before he knows it, however, Cain is mixed up in it, but good. His Captain Madeira sends him out to find the headquarters of Gen. Nicholson, commander of the 157th Brigade, to establish a liaison with division headquarters. Cain finds the brigade P.C. But Nicholson is moving out into No-Man's-Land, so Cain moves right along with him. Then he finds his way back to division headquarters. Everyone is excited, and the captain comes running out to meet him.

"Thank God you've come," he says.

"Sure we've come," says Shep (Cain's partner), "You really wasn't worried about us, was you?"

"But," as Cain puts it, "I seen it was more than us the captain was worrying about, so I says, 'What's the matter?'

" 'Gen. Nicholson has broken liaison,' the captain says, 'and we've got not a way on earth to reach him unless you fellows do it.' "

So in goes Cain to the general, and the general looks at him gratefully as if he has at last found someone who knows what it is all about. Then he gives Cain a message to Gen. Nicholson ordering the attack on Montfaucon. He also gives him a horse, and Cain sets out over what he thinks is the road to brigade headquarters.

But it isn't the road, and he gets lost. The attack order, in the meantime, is burning a hole in his pocket and he is perspiring profusely. He asks passing soldiers what outfit they're from, and they don't tell him because that's against regulations. He asks another column of men. "But," relates Cain, "they never said nothing at all. Because they was doughboys going up to the lines, and when you hear somebody talk about doughboys singing when they're going to fight, you can tell him he's a damn liar and say I said so. Doughboys when they're going up in the lines, they look straight in front of them, and they swaller every third step and they don't say nothing."

The upshot is that Cain finally returns without delivering the message, and finds that Montfaucon has already been taken. That's how Pfc. Cain didn't get his D.S.C.

THEN THERE WERE THE MARINES. Col. Elliot D. Cooke tells about them in a chapter called "We Can Take It." The colonel was a second lieutenant then and he fought with the 2nd Marine Division when they took Belleau Wood. His is an eye-witness account.

The battle of Belleau Wood started for the 2nd Division when they moved up to the Paris-Metz highway in time to stop the German advance towards Paris. They were itching for a fight.

"The French civilians in that part of the country were a discouraged lot," the colonel says, "pretty well convinced that Germany had won the war. That gave us a pain. The Boches could not win the war until they licked our 2nd Divi-

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Men of 23rd Infantry, Second Division, firing a 37 mm. gun during World War I offensive

sion and they couldn't bring up enough Germans in ten years to do that."

The division hadn't been under fire yet and they were good and cocky. German planes had bombed them once or twice, but the only casualty was young Lieut. Cooke, who was clipped in the tail by shrapnel. This inspired a new company song to the tune of "Parley Voo."—"The lieutenant, he saw an airplane pass," the men sang, and went on happily to describe in detail just what happened to the lieutenant.

It was different once they entered the Wood. The Germans attacked and they dug in and pushed them back with a hail of lead. Then the order came from GHQ for a counter-attack. Cooke's company was battalion support. They moved ahead slowly, their artillery support dropping in front of them. Once they got caught in No-Man's-Land between the fire of their own troops and the Germans:

"Panic sent the blood pounding into my head and emptied my stomach of courage. It was bad enough to be shot at by the Boche, but there was no sense in being killed by friendly troops. My men looked wild and fingered their triggers, ready to return the fire of our other battalion. Something had to be done and done quick. And Capt. Wass did it. Unintentionally, but still he did it.

"'Jackson!' he yelled.

"'Yes, Captain.'

"'Where are you?'

"'Right here. Across the road.'

"'Stand up, so I can see you.'

"'Captain,' Jackson shouted above the crackling roar of machine gun bullets, 'if you want to see me, *you* stand up.'"

American humor licked that situation, but the worst was yet to come. The battalion moved onward, paying a heavy price for its advance. Men were dropping on all sides. Day passed into night and into day again, and the battle roared on. No one knew what was happening. All they knew was that they must push on and clear the woods of Germans. Finally, the Germans broke.

"We crushed the Germans' forward line and reached the ravine and clearing. . . . Headquarters was still persistent in their demands to take prisoners, but we didn't have any. When we rushed through the underbrush there wasn't time to argue about surrendering. We either killed the Boche or they killed us."

A SERGEANT, TOO, tells a story of the big attack of July 18, 1918. The sergeant's name is Gerald V. Stamm, and his "No Medals" is one of the most effective portrayals in the book.

The sergeant's company was bivouacked in Compiegne Wood with the rest of the 1st Division, when the enemy's last attacks were finally beaten back, and the great American drive began. Sgt. Stamm got his first indication of what was going to happen when the company commander, 25-year-old Capt. Worthley, called the non-coms together under a large tree on the bank of a shallow ravine.

"The enemy attack has been repulsed," the captain said. "Orders have been issued for a counter-attack from our face of the salient. The order states that all objectives must be taken." The captain looked slowly around, catching each man's eye. "That's all I know officially. Remember this: Keep your organizations in hand. Don't expect a subordinate to do something you would be afraid to do yourself. Return to your platoons, and see that every man is properly equipped. We go in light packs."

That night the battalion began to move up. Packs weighed them down. A sudden thunderstorm soaked them through. But on they marched, cursing at the wheeled traffic passing them on the left. "Once in a while," says the sergeant, "a shell roared toward us and burst with a red flash in the fields along the route. Whenever this happened, the column seemed to shrink as if it were a single organism."

On they went, shivering, into hastily constructed trenches. "Wet, shivering, we huddled in the soggy trench. We seemed not soldiers, but caricatures of soldiers."

H-hour was 4:35 a.m.

At 4:35 a.m., the battalion left its trenches and advanced through a field of wheat.

The sergeant recounts each step of the advance.

"The sun came out, bright and warm. Right and left, far as I could see, wave after wave of men with glistening bayonets, steadily tramped ahead through the shimmering wheat.

"A shell hurtled down and flew apart in the midst of a clustered squad on my left. Only two emerged from the ballooning debris.

"A piece of shell crashed against my left elbow, knocking me down. For a moment, I lay in a daze. Then it dawned on me that I was still mortal, so I got up and hurried to catch my group.

"The battle wasn't an hour old before I was wringing wet, my rifle was slippery, and I panted like a wind-broken horse.

"Far ahead, I saw tiny figures in coal scuttle helmets, scampering up the slope and disappearing over the crest. I emptied my rifle at one, but without effect, for he passed out of sight."

On went the sergeant with his men. They fought their way through a swamp, walking steadily, never running, into the machine-gun fire of the enemy. Men dropped. That night they salvaged food in the little village of Saconin-et-Brieul. The next day, when the artillery had caught up with them, the advance was resumed.

"About 75 yards ahead we sighted the enemy in shallow trenches and foxholes. My eyes fixed on a machine gun muzzle that seemed to center on my body. Like a mechanical man I raised my rifle deliberately, aimed carefully and squeezed the trigger. I repeated this operation several times. I distinctly recall that I was astonished at my own coolness."

A few minutes later, the sergeant discovered his hand was drenched in blood. He was wounded. A few minutes after that the attack was over. All objectives had been won.

"As far as I was concerned," writes the sergeant, "I had answered one question that probably haunts every thinking man on the eve of his first battle. . . . 'Will I be afraid?' I was afraid—definitely and terribly afraid, but that fear decreased with action. I went forward and did my share of the fighting. I won no medals, but it was a share of which I had no need to be ashamed."

Tossing a fast ball that went . . . boom!

Hunting someone other than man

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S G.I.

Swimming, G.I. Style

The Army has become a swimming teacher, only it's not teaching the J. Weismuller kind. Beginning now, troops at home and abroad are to get instruction in how to swim 100 noiseless yards while carrying a rifle and full field pack, but no water wings. They are also to learn how to jump off a twenty-foot platform into a sea of burning oil and splash out the flames, just in case that little contingency arises. The course has been developed after study of English commando tactics and is presently being taught by the Red Cross which will also train soldiers to carry on the work as instructors.

Prizes

For Absent-Mindedness: To the pilot of a Flying Fortress somewhere in Australia, who took off merrily to fight the Japs and discovered when they came into sight that he had forgotten his radio operator and three gunners. Fortunately, there was only one squadron of Japs so they returned safely.

For Strong-Mindedness: To Cpl. Henry Reno of Fort Jackson, S. C., who refused to kiss Betty Grable

as a prize for selecting the name for his division newspaper.

For Foolishness: Ditto.

For Integrity: To the unidentified soldier in Warwick, R. I., who thought he was being gypped in a local night club and offered on his word of honor to return later and square accounts. The next night he returned with 95 friends and squared accounts. They wrecked the joint.

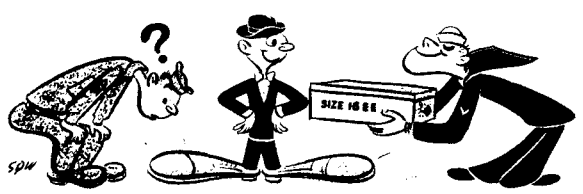
New Battle Cry

The Marine commandos known as "Carlson's Raiders" have a new battle cry, "Gung Ho!" It's Chinese for "Work Together" and was adopted by Col. Carlson himself, who has spent some time as observer with Chinese armies. The battle cry is part of a Chinese song, the first lines of which are a good description of the colonel's gyrenes:

"We are the raiders of land and sea.
We work together for democracy.
Gung Ho! Gung Ho! Gung Ho! Gung Ho!"

Creamed Items on a Shingle

The first Army Chaplain School class has been graduated at Harvard, and 151 clergymen of all faiths have been sent into the field. The Army is now asking for men between 45 and 50 to play in AAF and Army Ground Force non-combatant bands. Twelve of America's major symphony orchestras will visit Army camps throughout the country during their regular concert tours this year. Secretary of War Stimson has announced that all college students face a call to active army duty at the age of 20. And the AAF has sent out a call for jewelers to work on the technical end of things for them.



Incidental Intelligence About the Navy

Herbert Fruitman is 19 years old. He agreed to enlist in any branch of the service that could put shoes on his feet. Herbert's feet take a size 16 EE. The Navy won.

Old Chestnut Revived

They swear it's a true story of that other time U.S. troops went to Europe. Gen. Pershing was walking near his Headquarters at Chaumont, France, after dark, when a buck private comes up and accosts him with the words, "Gimme a match, buddy?" The general complied, watched the ceremony of lighting, then spoke, saying, "Soldier, you didn't notice it, but I'm the commander here." The buck snapped to. Pershing added, "It's okay to hit me for a match, but let me warn you not to try it on a second looey."

Miss Mary Small

G.I. Mail Girl

ALL her life, Mary Small has been answering letters.

When she was 11 years old, and they slapped her on one of the radio networks as "the little girl with the big voice," she let loose with her powerful sexy contralto, and was immediately deluged with a pile of missives proposing everything including marriage. Her shocked parents immediately made her sit down and answer every one of the letters in her innocent childish scrawl, to discourage further correspondence. It didn't work—and that was the beginning. She's been answering letters ever since.

Today, Mary isn't a little girl any more (see attached cheesecake), and the situation has not improved. In fact, it has become quite terrifying. For Mary is rapidly developing into the world's most prolific writer of letters to G.I.'s—including the British, the Russian and the Chinese.

This has come about because of a radio program of Mary's, in which she reads and answers letters from G.I.'s all over the world. She also sings songs in her sexy contralto. The program is aired four times a week (CBS and shortwave, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday), pulling an average of 150 letters per program. This makes 600 letters a week which Mary reads and answers.

It almost drives her nuts—but she loves it.

One-half of the letters are still proposals and propositions. About 25 per cent request songs or pictures of Mary for foot-lockers, under pillows, or more public places. Practically all of the letters inform Mary that her voice reminds them of the girl they left behind.

One private in Australia named Jack Miller has gone so far as to suggest that Mary come to Melbourne and personally sing him to sleep with a song called "You Are Always In My Heart."

"That," says Mary, "is a beautiful thought."

We agree. Frankly, we have been considering the same beautiful thought ourself.

Keeping Up with the Comics

It is very gratifying in these uncertain days to note that all our friends of the comic strips are still doing business at the old stand. Herewith, YANK presents a brief summary of a few of the old favorites for those who may have lost touch.

Terry and the Pirates—The college boys' delight has been devoted solely to the adventures of Terry the last few weeks. Pat Ryan and the Dragon Lady have been dropped somewhere and Normandie and her child, Merrily, are still recuperating with the U. S. Army. After a short session with the AAF, during which time the strip was very G.I. indeed, Terry was delegated to do a little spy work for the Chinese. He has just been conked on the noggin and kidnapped by a trio of Jap spies, and what happens now is anybody's guess. One of the spies is a slinky female named Rouge, who is living up to the strip's reputation for at least one luscious dame in each chapter.

Joe Palooka—Joe and Bateese and Jerry Leemy (from Brooklyn) are now in France, where they have been stranded on a commando raid, and are carrying out operations with the underground movement. They have stolen a short wave radio set from the Nazis, after killing assorted German soldiers and French traitors, and are now broadcasting to the Allies. They tell where war industries are located and the Flying Fortresses come over and bomb hell out of them. One nice thing about Pfc. Palooka is that neither he nor his friends have any compunction about killing Nazis.

Li'l Abner—Things in Dogpatch are pretty much the same. Daisy Mae is still chasing Li'l Abner, but he is now apparently interested in some other woman. Nosey McBaleful, a gentleman who is always snooping into other people's affairs, follows Li'l Abner up a mountain to see this strange woman he is allegedly meeting, and is later found squashed under a rock. Hangman Yancey, the Dogpatch D. A., accuses Li'l Abner of the murder because there were size 18 footprints leading to and from the rock, and his are the only feet of that size in the community. Yancey is not so much interested in justice as he is in getting a good hanging on his record, since re-election is coming up, so Li'l Abner is in a spot. The latest installment had him cooped in a cell, the key turning dismally in the lock.

Flash Gordon—Flash recently returned to earth, where he spent his time fighting the Nazi Army. He is now back on the planet Mongo and his rocket plane has just been forced down in a dense jungle. Flash has been separated from Dale and Barin, but ran into a beautiful female named Tigra, who is queen of something or other. Tigra is a tempestuous creature, but Flash has tamed her. In one vividly drawn installment he even demonstrated to her that while she was a queen, she was first of all a woman. At the moment, however, Flash and Tigra are both in the clutches of a giant Spidron, which is a spider only 57 feet high. It is logical to assume that Flash will effect an escape —but how?

Dick Tracy—Tracy is on the trail of a hard character named Tiger Lilly, who has escaped to an abandoned hunting camp, locking Tracy in a cellar filled with poison gas. Lilly makes the mistake of shooting game out of season and is soon confronted by a game warden, whom he shoots in the stomach. Meanwhile Tracy has escaped from the cellar and resumes the trail. Lilly sees him coming and escapes down the river on a raft. Unluckily for him, the river is a dead end, emptying into a dam, and it seems that Lilly and his gang are to be trapped like water rats. By the way, Tracy rescued the game warden after his faithful dog held him above water for hours and hours.

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Sgt. Louis, Pvt. Conn Will Fight For G.I. Title, by the Numbers

NEW YORK—The Army, with the help of Mike Jacobs, is all set to give the country for the first time in history a strictly G.I. world championship heavyweight fight.

Sgt. Joe Louis of Fort Riley, Kan., will defend his title against Pvt. Billy Conn of Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, N. Y., and the word "will" is used in the typical Army manner. There was no dickering about percentages of the gate and no contracts involved for this engagement.

The War Department simply notified both men, through channels, that they "will" fight each other at Yankee Stadium, Oct. 12, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, during regular drill hours. And like all soldiers engaged in maneuvers at the request of the War Department, neither Louis nor Conn will make a dime out of the bout above their regular salaries of $78 and $50 per month, respectively.

Expect Million Dollar Gate

As a matter of fact, the whole show is being conducted on such a completely G.I. basis that some first sergeant may turn up in the ring as referee and the seconds may use canteens instead of the customary water bottles.

All the money will be turned over to Army Emergency Relief and Mike Jacobs, who is selling the tickets, expects it will be plenty. He is planning on getting rid of 77,000 seats, ranging from $3 to $40, and has scaled the park for $1,200,000.

That figure may be a little too high but, anyway, it may be the first million dollar gate since Louis knocked out Max Schmeling in the first round of their second fight, July 22, 1938.

Conn Feels Optimistic

It will also be the first heavyweight title bout fought in the afternoon since Dempsey defeated Gibbons in 1923 and the first time that two U. S. soldiers have battled for the championships. Without a doubt, it is also the first time that the champion and the challenger will not be paid.

The last time they met, June 18, 1941, Conn was outboxing Louis until the Brown Bomber suddenly registered a surprise knockout in the 13th round. Conn claims it will be different this time. "Poor Joe is getting old," he says.

Louis isn't saying much. "I'll win and I ain't gonna do no fooling around this time," he remarks. "I'm in better shape than I ever was." And he looks it, too.

The two G.I.'s have been allowed only three weeks to prepare for the big fight. Louis is training at Greenwood Lake, as usual, and Jacobs is cutting down on expenses by letting Conn work out on his estate at Rumson, N. J.

British Cops Beat Air Force Oarsmen

LONDON—Thousands of spectators, including a goodly assortment of G.I.'s, watched the Metropolitan Police rowing crew defeat a boatload of AAF oarsmen in a half-mile race on the Thames recently, undeterred by an air raid alert and bursts of antiaircraft fire.

Members of the American crew included Pvt. Dale H. Clobus of Newcastle, Pa., S/Sgt. Frank F. Stimpell of Allentown, Pa., Pvt. George W. Adams of Indianapolis, Pvt. John Hines of High Point, N. C., and Pvt. Miles H. Davidson of Philadelphia.

Durocher Decides To Join The Navy

BROOKLYN — L. Ernest Durocher, known in Flatbush as "The Lip" and in the Bronx as something unprintable, has applied for a commission in the Navy. It is unofficially reported that he first obtained waivers from the Army, Coast Guard, and Marines.

Leo plans to enter the service, if acceptable, as soon as his Brooklyn Dodgers win the World Series. He concedes in a few thousand words that the Navy may have something to say about this, but tosses out any possibility of the St. Louis Cardinals screwing up the works.

Should The Lip get his Navy commission, the Dodgers will have to find two new bosses. Leland Stanford McPhail, president of the club, is entering in the Army and yelling for a chance to get into active service. Larry was a FA officer in the last war and briefly involved in an interesting plan to capture the Kaiser.

McPhail's successor has not yet been named, but the fans are more interested in who would take Durocher's place. Coach Charlie Dressen is the logical choice, although Billy Herman is capable and popular, should a man from the players' ranks be desired.

Green Bay Packers Beat Western Stars, 32 to 21

While the Eastern eleven was shellacking the Giants in the first of its three scheduled Relief Fund games. Lieut. John Kimbrough and the others stars on Major Wallace Wade's western team were beaten, 32 to 21, in Milwaukee by an explosion of the famous Green Bay Packers' passing attack in the last half. Cecil Isbell did the damage.

A few days before that in Detroit, Wade's soldiers whipped the Lions, 12 to 0. Kimbrough was held scoreless but two other Texas Aggi grads, Kay Eakin and Bill Conatser, teamed up on a 52-yard scoring pass play, and Bill Dawson kicked two field goals.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE
(Sept. 14)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Los Angeles	102	69	.597	San Fran.	85	86	.497
Sacramento	100	71	.585	Oakland	81	89	.476
Seattle	93	78	.544	Hollywood	72	99	.421
San Diego	87	84	.509	Portland	63	107	.371

SPORTS

NICE BLOCKING—Cpl. Norm Standlee, former Stanford and Bears star, tears through the New York Giants line for a gain behind perfect blocking as the Eastern Army All-Stars won their first game. Mel Hein (No. 7) is trying to catch the corporal but he's having a hard time getting near him. Look at all that protection.

The Nazis Remodel Schmeling's Record

The Nazis may be great fighters but they are pretty foggy when it comes to remembering boxing records.

Announcing the recent retirement of Max Schmeling from the ring because of wounds received last year at Crete, the Berlin radio said:

"In 1936, Schmeling made a sensational comeback, winning the championship from Joe Louis. In 1938, he lost the title again to the same opponent."

The facts were slightly twisted. Schmeling was handed his championship when Jack Sharkey hit him under the belt in 1930. He lost it to Sharkey again in 1932 and never made a "sensational comeback" to regain it. Jim Braddock happened to be the champion when the German defeated Louis, who won it later from Braddock and never lost it to Schmeling.

Eastern Army All-Stars Hailed As Nation's Best Wartime Eleven

NEW YORK—Steve Owen's New York Giants were only too glad to return to their normal competition in the National Professional Football League after the lambasting they took from Col. Robert Neyland's smooth and powerful Eastern section of the Army All-Star squad in the annual Herald Tribune Fresh Air-Army Relief game at the Polo Grounds.

The Professionals were not in the same class with Col. Neyland's soldiers, acclaimed by sports critics as the greatest football team this country will see for the duration. The score was only 16 to 0 in the Army's favor but it doesn't give a true indication of the way that Capt. John Pingel (Inf.), Cpl. George Cafego (CA), Pvt. Jack Wilson (Inf.) and the other G.I.'s ran through the Giants all afternoon.

Statistics Tell Story

"They were too fast and too many for us," Owen said afterwards. "They wore us down."

A quick glance at the statistics tells the story. The Army collected 16 first downs to the Giants' seven, gained 149 yards rushing and 81 yards passing against the pros' 57 yards rushing and 74 yards passing.

Pingel and Cafego shared the individual honors. The captain called the plays and threw passes perfectly completing eight out of 12 for 67 yards, one to Pvt. Jack Russell for the first touchdown. He also carried the ball, punted and ran back kicks beautifully.

Cafego, playing the best football he has shown since his junior year at Tennessee sliced through the Giant tackles all during the game and ran one punt back 73 yards.

Best All-Stars Ever

Pingel's touchdown pass to Russell came in the first quarter. Later Pvt. Nick Basca, formerly of Villanova, kicked field goal. Then in the closing seconds, Lieut. Vic Spadaccini of the Air Force, intercepted a desperate Giant pass from the hands of Ward Cuff on the professionals' eight yard line and ran over for a touchdown. Basca converted the point.

The Army team appears to be the best collection of All-Stars ever assembled. Usually such hastily organized units do not function well as a machine but Col. Neyland has given this G.I. gridiron squad smooth coordination and team work.

GIVE ME THE WIDE OPEN SPACES—That's what Pvt. Jack Wilson, the former Baylor ace, asked his Eastern Army All-Star team mates in the Giants game and they did just that. This hole through the pros' tackle position is big enough for Wilson and ten others like him, and the private is taking advantage of it.

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SPORTS: MIKE JACOBS WANTS TO STAGE G.I. BOXING SHOW IN IRELAND

BY SGT. JOE McCARTHY

MIKE JACOBS, the Billy Rose of the boxing industry, is so wrapped up with the Army these days that he is thinking of changing the pronunciation of his last name to Gee-eye-cobs.

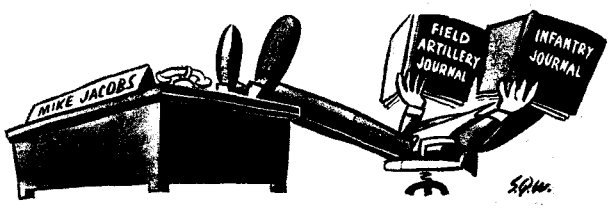
As a matter of fact, some of his close associates report that Mike spends most of his time now reading the Field Artillery Journal and the Infantry Journal, and he is seriously thinking of making the group of unemployed fight managers, towel wavers and former sparring partners who hang around his office on Jacobs Beach do a half hour of close order drill each Monday and Friday morning and stand retreat every evening at 5 o'clock.

The motive behind Mr. Jacobs' newly aroused interest in the Army is not hard to understand. The Brain of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club is working hand in glove with the War Department in promoting the biggest heavyweight championship fight in recent years, the Oct. 12 afternoon battle in Yankee Stadium between Sgt. Joe Louis and Pvt. Billy Conn.

For the first time in the memory of the oldest Jacobs Beachcomber (a quaint character named Moe who thinks that President Roosevelt's order against inflation will take the air out of all footballs this fall), Mike is throwing all his energy into this thing without getting a single nickel in return. Every penny left over after the hot water and electric light bills are paid will be turned into the Army Emergency Relief Fund, to aid wives, distressed children and other dependents of men serving in uniform.

This is a great service Mike is doing for the Army, a fitting and eloquent answer to those who have always pictured his kind of sport financier as a grasping avaricious shell game operator more concerned with the size of the house than the improvement of the breed of athletes.

And, in return, the Army, too, is doing a great service for Mr. Jacobs. It is throwing the biggest boxing show of the decade into his promotional



lap with none of the usual squabbles and headaches about which fighter will get what percentage of the gate. The only fighters who will get a percentage of the gate are the women and kids that the soldiers left at home.

Perhaps it was gratitude for the removal of that great mental load from Mr. Jacobs' mind which prompted him to sit down in Washington and pledge his support for more War Department sports ventures in the future. Anyway, Mr. Jacobs has already started to think of another fight for the winner of the Oct. 12 meeting between Louis and Conn and he wants to stage this next classic before the dazzled eyes of the Yanks in Northern Ireland.

Naturally, the Army rather liked the idea and Mr. Jacobs' plans for troop entertainment and relaxation in general. So the Army has drafted Uncle Mike and after he completes this coming afternoon job at Yankee Stadium, he will leave the Twentieth Century Club for the duration and spend all his time working for and with you and me.

As a member of the Army, Mr. Jacobs will wear no uniform and hold no rank. He will act as a civilian advisor. And he has plenty of advice to offer in a great big way.

"I'd like to take Joe Louis and Billy Conn—regardless of who is the heavyweight champion," he says, "and all the best fighters and athletes I can get and form a traveling sports circus. I'd bring them to the boys on the fighting front, where they'd be most appreciated. Those fellows overseas are the ones who need entertainment. The boys here are still on their home soil and there are plenty of people to think up things to entertain them."

Uncle Mike wants to fly his sports circus to Ireland, Alaska and Iceland, or even to Australia if it

Sgt. Joe Louis carries his barracks bags East for the coming fight with Pvt. Billy Conn.

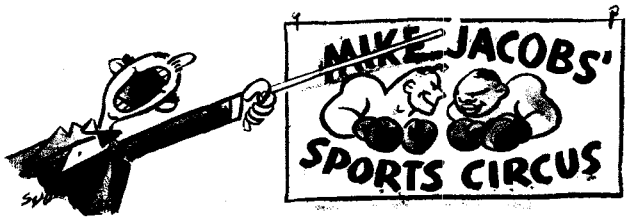
could be arranged. "Anywhere the boys are fighting and need to be pepped up," he adds with a wave of his cigar.

Of course, this is an extraordinary and grandiose scheme, even though it is a swell idea, and the Army thinks twice before it approves anything out of the ordinary. There are certain angles and details that call for further discussion between Mr. Jacobs and his new bosses in Washington.

But Uncle Mike usually gets things done when he makes up his mind.

The only person who doesn't see eye to eye with Mr. Jacobs on this business of staking a heavyweight title fight in Northern Ireland happens to be Sgt. Joe Louis, who is evidently beginning to prefer the life of a non-com in a cavalry troop to the old wear and tear of the pugilistic training camp routine.

"I may go to Ireland for a fight," the sergeant says. "But it won't be in a ring with just one man



against me. We got a lot of soldiers over there expecting a different kind of fight and who knows but what I may be joining them soon."

However, Uncle Mike may show the sergeant how he can do both kinds of fighting, with and without leather gloves, when he joins the Yanks on the other side of the water. Uncle Mike has a way with him when it comes to talking turkey with champions.

SPORT SHORTS

Sonja Henie turned down the management of the football Dodgers for the duration. Her husband, Dan Topping, who owns 'em, is going on active duty with the Marines, and a Brooklyn rumor had the ice queen taking over, but Sonja says she'll go on a skating tour instead. . . . Tennis is here to stay. President **Holcombe Ward** of the USLTA said the National Amateur Tennis Championship will be carried on "unless something really disastrous like an invasion" occurs. . . . **Murray Franklin,** Tiger shortstop, has joined the Navy. **Johnny Lipson,** a 19-year-old Texas Leaguer, replaced him. . . . A new low in attendance at Shibe Park was set when 393 paying customers watched Cincinnati beat the Phils.

Lou Boudreau, playing manager of the Cleveland Indians, bothered lately with pleurisy, has been ordered to stay off the diamond until his health improves. . . . The U. S. Naval Academy is allowing freshmen to participate in varsity sports for the first time in 19 years, because Middies complete the course in three years now instead of four. . . . **Paul ("Dizzy") Trout,** Detroit pitcher, was suspended five days for throwing a left hook at a customer who was jockeying him. That would get him a bonus in Brooklyn. . . . Two hundred boys at West Pittston (Pa.) high school went on strike because football was abolished.

The semi-pro baseball world series, scheduled for Havana in October, has been postponed until Spring because of transportation difficulties. . . . A 25-year friendship between **Fritz Crisler,** Michigan football coach, and **Lieut. Paul D. Hinkle,** football director at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, will be suspended for the afternoon of September 26, when the two teams fight at Ann Arbor.

Carl Hubbell won't be throwing his famous screwball for the Giants any more this season. Hub was bopped behind the ear with a ball thrown by **Stan Musial** of the Cards while warming up. . . . The Western Army football all-stars took the Detroit Lions 12-0. . . . And the dream race between **Whirlaway** and **Alsab** which failed to come off when the latter was scratched out of the Narragansett Special may be put on as a match race for the Army Emergency Relief.

Dodgers Purchase Two Indianapolis Prospects

INDIANAPOLIS—Joe Bestudik, star third baseman, and Earl Reid, right-handed pitcher, have been purchased by the Brooklyn Dodgers from Indianapolis in supposedly the biggest deal of the season.

Bestudik is one of the leading hitters in the American Association, with an average of .326 for the season. Reid has won 10 and lost 7 this season.

MAJOR LEAGUE LEADERS

(As of Sept. 14)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	PC.
Lombardi, Boston	97	278	27	92	.331
Reiser, Brooklyn	113	428	82	136	.318
Slaughter, St. Louis	141	546	94	171	.313
Musial, St. Louis	128	418	81	131	.313
Medwick, Brooklyn	137	535	65	164	.307

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	PC.
Williams, Boston	142	498	133	177	.355
Pesky, Boston	139	584	102	197	.337
Gordon, New York	137	503	83	166	.330
Spence, Washington	139	583	88	192	.329
Case, Washington	115	467	92	148	.317

HOME RUNS

NATIONAL		AMERICAN	
Ott, Giants	27	Williams, R. Sox	32
Mize, Giants	25	Keller, Yankees	25
Camilli, Dodgers	22	Laabs, Browns	25

RUNS BATTED IN

NATIONAL		AMERICAN	
Mize, Giants	100	Williams, R. Sox	132
Slaughter, Cards.	93	Keller, Yankees	103
Medwick, Dodg.	93	DiMaggio, Yanks	102

Red Rolfe Will Quit Yankees To Coach At Yale

NEW YORK—Red Rolfe, Yankee third baseman, has announced his retirement from professional baseball. After the World Series, he will move to New Haven, Conn., and become the new baseball and basketball coach at Yale.

The red-headed third baseman has suffered from eye trouble and a stomach condition in recent seasons which seriously affected his play.

At Yale he succeeds Smoky Joe Wood, another ex-Yankee, as baseball coach and Ken Loeffler as basketball coach. The latter joined the Army and Wood was unconditionally released.

Rolfe is a native of Penacook, N. H., and starred in baseball and basketball at Dartmouth.

PHIL RIZZUTO IN THE NAVY

NORFOLK — Phil Rizzuto, Yankee shortstop, has joined the Navy here and will report for recruit training after the World Series.

WERBER RETIRES FROM BASEBALL

NEW YORK—This seems to be the year for retirement of third basemen. Billy Werber of the Giants has just announced his retirement beeause of a leg ailment.

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Cards Kick Bums Out of First Place

NOT A SMILE IN THE HOUSE—Here's the sad Brooklyn crowd that watched the Bums lose first place on the unlucky 13th of September.

National League Race a Toss-Up As Yankees Clinch Pennant Again

NEW YORK—September the Thirteenth was really an unlucky day for the citizens of Brooklyn. That was the Sunday afternoon they sadly watched their Dodgers lose a doubleheader to the hitless Cincinnati Reds, of all people, and drop behind the Cardinals into second place in the National League, relinquishing the lead for the first time since April 20.

Billy Southworth's fighting youngsters from St. Louis tied the Bums the day before by sweeping a close two-game series in Ebbets Field. Mort Cooper held the Dodgers to three hits in the first game, one of them a scratcher by Pee Wee Reese, and scored two runs himself to win a 3 to 0 decision—his 20th of the season.

Honeymoon Is Ended

The next day, Max Lanier broke the hearts of 25,938 fans by pitching the Cards to a 2-to-1 victory that put them into a tie with Brooklyn for the lead. Thus the Bums reached the end of the honeymoon. Their 10 game lead over the Cards as of Aug. 4, still as wide as seven and a half lengths as late as Aug. 23, had evaporated into thin air.

Then, on Sunday the Thirteenth, the Cardinals went to Philadelphia and the weary Dodgers entertained the Reds, who haven't been able to hit a decent foul into the stands behind the plate this season.

The Cardinals, jaded from the strain of the hectic Brooklyn series, dropped the first game of a doubleheader to the Phillies. It was a golden opportunity for the Leo Durocher boys to maintain a grip on first place but what happened?

Bums Seem Tired

They turned in their most miserable performance of the season against the Reds, with Lew Riggs personally contributing three errors in one inning of the second game, and Bucky Walters beating them 6 to 3 in the opener. So the Cardinal's split doubleheader in Philadelphia was enough to put them into first place.

And so St. Louis climaxed one of the most amazing stretch drives in modern times. The race, of course, is not over yet but Broadway bookmakers are offering 7 to 5 that the Cards will win the pennant. And even Durocher is glum and down in the mouth, as this is being written.

The collapse of the Dodgers is hard to explain. Even Wendell Willkie was at loss for an answer a few days ago when Yank fliers in Egypt asked him what was with the Bums. The team is tired and seems played out. They're not hitting. Pete Reiser, for instance, has dropped from .340 to .320 and lost 18 pounds within the last month.

Fans Walk Out

The fans in Ebbets Field actually walked out of the stands in disgust before the second game of the crucial Cincinnati doubleheader was finished.

Meanwhile, the race is all over in the American League. The Yankees have clinched Manager Joe McCarthy's seventh pennant and they are merely marking time to see whether they will meet the Cardinals or the Dodgers in the World Series.

The Bronx Bombers mathematically eliminated the second-place Red Sox Sept. 14, which is just about par for the course as far as they're concerned. Last year they did it on Sept. 4 and they haven't had a really close pennant fight since 1922 when they nosed out the Browns by two games on Sept. 30.

Max Lanier gets mobbed by the Cardinals after he pitches them into the lead.

Gunder Haegg Does It Again; Sets New 3-Mile Record

STOCKHOLM — Gunder Haegg, the incredible Swede, has done it again. He has just broken the three-mile world record here with a 13:35 performance.

This makes the eighth world middle distance mark in three months broken by Haegg, whose name is sometimes spelled Haegge, Hage, Hagg, Hag, or even Hash.

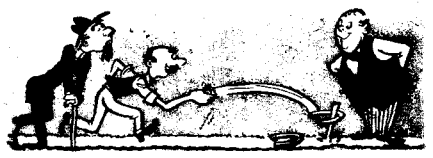
Since July 2 he has broken records for the mile twice, two mile, 1,500, 2,000 twice, and 3,000 meter races. He is expected to fly to America to compete indoors this Winter, and will probably pace the plane across the ocean.

Football Fans Told To Stay Home; Special Trains Out

WASHINGTON—The Office of Defense Transportation has called on amateur and professional football authorities to discourage fans from long-distance travel to games this Fall in order to conserve travel space for war needs.

Special and charter train or bus service is out for the duration, and there was also a hint that should voluntary cooperation fail the games hemselves might be abolished.

HOME TOWN SPORT NEWS



OKLAHOMA CITY — The Oklahoma City Wilsons have won the state sandlot baseball championship for the first time since 1927. They bunched four hits in the ninth, including a double by Manager Tom Corbett, to beat the Stillwater Boomers, 3 to 2, in the title game.

MIAMI — Pvt. Tom Beaver of Greenwood, N. J., stationed here, has taken the lead in the Metropolitan Miami Summer Fishing Tournament's mackerel class with a nine pound, five ouncer, hooked and boated off the reefs in the Gulf Stream when he was fishing from Capt. C. G. Haley's "Golden K." T. E. Moore now leads the black bass class with seven pounds, four ounces.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Shifty Gears and his Kodak Park Softball team are the new city champions. They defeated the Camera Works, 4 to 1, in the final.

OMAHA—Coach Don Flemming of Creighton Prep has enlisted in the Marines as an officer candidate but he may not leave his job until after the football season. Bud Williamson, Lincoln, C.C. pro, shot a six-under-par 66 at the Omaha Field Club recently.

CHATTANOOGA — Two more Choo-Choo kids, Pitcher Lou Bevil and Third Baseman Ray Hoffman, have been sold to the Washington Senators.

MILWAUKEE—Eddie Stanky of the Brewers has been named as the most valuable rookie in the American Association. A Philadelphian, developed in the Piedmont and Sally Leagues, he will probably be promoted to the Chicago Cubs.

BOSTON—Ank Scanlan, the new Holy Cross coach, says that only three Crusaders, Capt. Ed Murphy at end, Johnny Grigas and Steve Murphy in the backfield, are sure of starting football assignments. Cleo O'Donnell, Jr., 150 pound son of the ex-St. Anselm's coach, is a candidate for the wing back job at Harvard.

MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF SEPT. 14)

(YANK'S big circulation forces it to press a week before publication date and therefore readers in the U.S. will find these standings old stuff. They are printed for men overseas who never get daily sport news and are glad to see how the leagues are doing, even if figures are not up to the minute.)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	St. Louis	Brooklyn	New York	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
St. Louis	—	13	15	13	12	13	14	15	95	47	.669	—
Brooklyn	9	—	13	15	15	16	14	12	94	48	.662	1
New York	7	8	—	12	14	13	10	15	79	62	.560	15½
Cincinnati	7	7	8	—	10	7	16	16	71	70	.504	23½
Pittsburgh	8	5	7	6	—	11	12	13	62	75	.453	30½
Chicago	5	6	9	13	11	—	9	12	65	79	.451	31
Boston	6	6	7	5	7	12	—	14	57	83	.407	37
Phila.	5	3	3	6	6	7	8	—	38	97	.281	53½
Games lost	47	48	62	70	75	79	83	97	—	—		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	St. Louis	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Washington	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	9	15	14	13	15	15	16	97	47	.674	—
Boston	8	—	10	14	15	13	14	14	88	56	.611	9
St. Louis	7	10	—	13	11	12	11	15	79	67	.541	19
Cleveland	7	8	9	—	6	11	13	16	70	74	.486	27
Detroit	7	7	11	12	—	11	9	13	70	75	.483	27½
Chicago	7	7	5	8	9	—	13	12	61	77	.442	33
Wash'ton	5	7	11	7	12	7	—	9	58	84	.408	38
Phila.	6	8	6	6	9	8	9	—	52	95	.354	46½
Games lost	47	56	67	74	75	77	84	95	—	—		

YANK wants artist contributors! If you can draw cartoons or make action sketches of what goes on where you are, send it to us at YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

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